HARI
The Jungle Lad

DHAN GOPAL MUKERJI

Hari, the jungle lad

US757229

jM897h

PUBLIC LIBRARY
Fort Wayne and Allen County, Ind.

EXTRACTS FROM RULES

A fine of two cents a day shall be paid on each volume not returned when book is due. Injuries to books, and losses must be made good. Card holders must promptly notify the Librarian of change of residence under penalty of forfeiture of card.

EXTRACT FROM STATE LAW

Whoever shall wilfully or mischievously, cut, mark, mutilate, write in or upon, or otherwise deface any book, magazine, newspaper, or other property of any library organized under the laws of this state, shall be fined not less than ten dollars nor more than one hundred dollars.

Acme Library Card Pocket

KEEP YOUR CARD IN THIS POCKET

LIBRARY BUREAU CAT. NO. 1165

US757229

lad .78

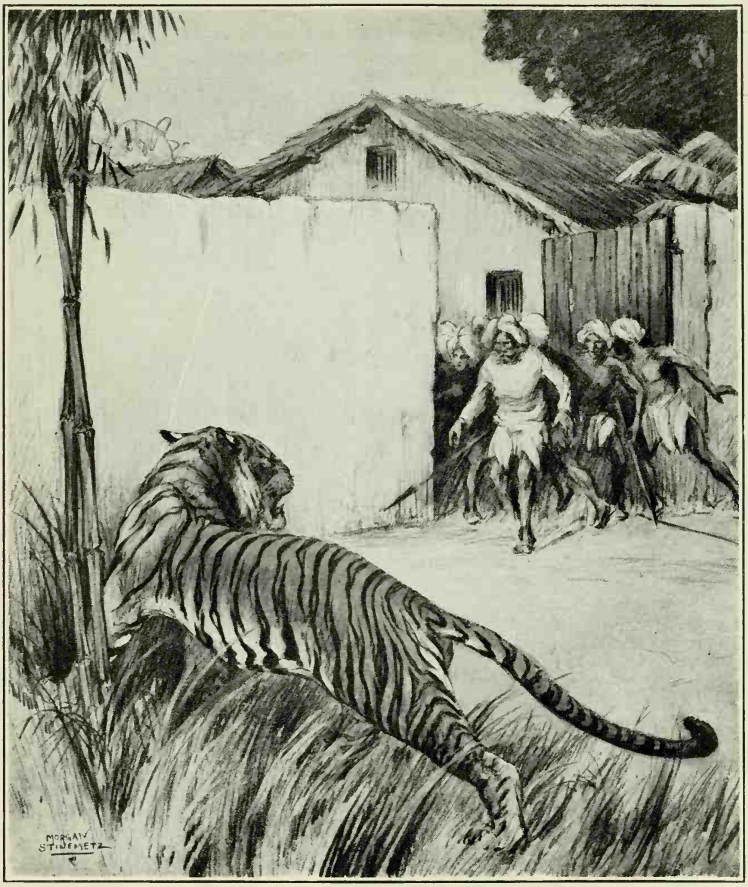
DO NOT REMOVE CARDS FROM POCKET

U.S.

ALLEN COUNTY PUBLIC LIBRARY
3 1833 00781 9201
WITHDRAWN


Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2011

http://www.archive.org/details/harijunglelad00muke



'SOMEHOW IT HAD A STRANGE EFFECT UPON THE MEN"

HARI
THE JUNGLE LAD

BY

DHAN GOPAL MUKERJI

AUTHOR OF
"KARI THE ELEPHANT," "JUNGLE BEASTS AND MEN," ETC.

Illustrated by
MORGAN STINEMETZ

jM897h

This special edition is published by arrangement
with the publisher of the regular edition,
E. P. Dutton & Co., Inc.

CADMUS BOOKS

E. M. HALE
AND COMPANY
CHICAGO

Copyright, 1924,
By E. P. DUTTON & COMPANY

All rights reserved

Printed in the United States of America

U. S. 757229

CONTENTS

CHAPTER		PAGE
I.	On the Edge of the Jungle	3
II.	We Begin our Career as Hunters	29
III.	One Jungle Night	55
IV.	My Education	73
V.	Education Continued	97
VI.	Hunting and Trapping	125
VII.	Hunting and Trapping Continued	159
VIII.	Kari, Betwixt City and Country	193

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

"Somehow It Had a Strange Effect upon the Men" [*Chapter I*] . *Frontispiece*

FACING PAGE

"What Was My Amazement to See a Room Full of Grey Dwarf-like Figures". . 35

"Then about Three o'Clock Came the Tiger" 66

"I Could See That the Peacock's Feet Were Fast in the Middle of a Snake's Body" 85

"Altogether They Made a Splendid and a Dazzling Spectacle" 127

"It Was a Miracle to See the Rajah Sitting on the Swaying Elephant's Back and Jabbing That Ankus into His Neck" . 150

"He Could Not Move His Legs, They Were So Chained by the Serpent's Body" . 171

"Were It Not for the Weight of the Rhinoceros in the Cage, the Whole Thing Would Have Turned Over" 214

CHAPTER I

ON THE EDGE OF THE JUNGLE

CHAPTER I

ON THE EDGE OF THE JUNGLE

THE late afternoon sun was shining athwart our compound as I sat astride the wall that faced the jungle. My back was against the concrete side of the house and as I idly swung my bare legs in the cool shadow, I amused myself by pulling out straws from the edge of the thatch roof above me. When I had collected a handful, I would try to drop it on the nose of some goat or cow in the crowd below waiting to be milked.

Presently my mother came out with the earthen vessels for milking. The woman from the village who usually helped her was sick so my mother had it all to do. My father and his two day laborers were still in the fields and I, little and favored, rejoiced that nothing would

be expected of me. But my mother was hot and tired from the extra work, and when she spied me, she cried out:

"Cease, thou monkey-faced one—thou drier up of thy mother's heart! Have we not leaks enough already with the rainy season upon us, that thou must make holes for the water god to drown us in our beds?"

I laughed and relapsed into complete inactivity, content enough to let my eyes wander across the dusty compound, beyond the shed for the animals at the other end, and the blazing level of the river, to where, on the further bank about three hundred yards away, the green wall of the jungle stretched mile after mile to the northward. It was a moving wall, and I was close enough to see the leaves glittering fiercely in the sun, and flickering like red hot embers in a brasier; only they were green hot, I thought, which was much more interesting.

I loved the jungle; it had been a kind of dangerous playground to me, full of mystery

and terror, ever since I could remember. Now it seemed to throb with a terrible yet completely hidden life. Every shadow, every spot of light held the possibility of excitement, and young as I was, I had already sensed something more than this, and felt a hint, as yet dimly caught, of the Wisdom and the Laws that obtain in the forest world. Already I knew more of animals than of men, and my earliest memories were of the jungle.

Our house was the farthest out from the small village straggling along the banks of the river, which at this point was about one hundred yards wide and four fathoms deep, and there was nearly half a mile between us and our nearest neighbor to the south. When the jungle folk made excursions to the village, which in the dry season, now drawing to a close, happened with exciting frequency, ours was the first house they came to.

As I have said, the jungle began to the north of us and followed the river, which about two miles above our house divided into

a fork. The animals would come down from the north, crossing the shallow streams before their waters merged into the single channel, and follow the southern bank past our house into the village. That is why everybody instinctively kept an eye up stream. The raiders always took this route because the current of the main stream was too deep and swift for them to cross it, and as there were no crocodiles in our part of the country, the villagers used the river for fishing.

Often at night a strange sound would bring us running to the windows and I would crouch waiting and listening with all my ears for the tiger to pass by. All the village grew tense as this sound came nearer and nearer. Finally we could hear a long drawn out cry like that from a ship sinking in mid-ocean, terrible and beautiful, which was, as every one knew, the hunger yell of the tiger. Along with this cry would come through the open window a curious odor from the cow-shed across the compound. The cattle had been

securely locked in for the night but at the approaching cry, which might well have penetrated a vault, the odor of fear would pour out from them with their sweat, penetrating the thin walls of the shed, an odor entirely different from any other which an animal exudes.

Shortly after that a stronger odor would pervade the air. Through the apertures between the iron bars of the windows would come another smell, acrid and hard. It would not take long to tell that the wind was blowing from the same direction from which the tiger was coming, and within a very few minutes, as the moon rose, we would see his big, black body, grunting and grumbling, as he stood in front of my window. His eyes, while he walked up and down, looked sometimes green, sometimes the color of two garnet flames in the night. He realized, however, that he could not attack me in the house, so off he would go, and with him passed the odor of his body, carried further down the village by

the wind. This would happen night after night in the dry season when the wild animals driven out of their parched lairs by hunger and thirst, came close to human habitation.

When I was sitting so calmly in the sun on the particular afternoon on which this chapter opens, I little guessed that a series of visits from the jungle were to begin that very night, the last and most terrible I was ever to know in that place. I remember thinking that soon now our nocturnal callers would be interrupted by the rains.

The dry season was indeed nearer to the breaking point than I had supposed. As the day drew to its close, the air became close and heavy and our supper was interrupted by a strange drumming sound from up the river. People who live constantly menaced by nature, unlike the city folk or those who live in safety, never fail to notice sounds, and my father turned his head at once, saying, "Hark! It is the thunder! The rains are upon us." Our two hired men set down

their bowls of half-finished rice and hurried home. In our country the storms never come gradually, but very suddenly. Sometimes, I remember, they would run like tides of soot across the sky, showing their teeth of flame, and so it was this night. An unusually heavy storm it proved to be for so early in the season, but we had no premonition of what in a few days would happen to us all.

As soon as the floods of rain abated a little, we threw back the shutters for air. The night seemed alive then with many points of light which were the eyes of wild animals frightened by the storm and prowling about the house. We knew that we were being surrounded by large beasts, panthers and wolves, for the eyes of the smaller creatures on such a dark night would not have reflected enough light to be visible. Of course the cows in the cowshed now began to bellow. Whenever there is very great danger, man becomes dumb. No doubt you have heard that man grows speechless in terror; but on

the contrary, when animals are terrified, they yell and howl. Nature makes the animals speak out when she makes man speechless.

The storm passed with a strange crying in the northeast. Nobody knew what it was, and the next day I ran down to the village to hear what had happened. It appeared that an old woman, well known by all of us for her bad temper, had had a quarrel with her daughter-in-law, and before the storm had left the house in a rage. She did not return, but during the night a tiger took shelter near the house, and the excited villagers told me that in the morning he had smelt the old woman, caught her and taken her home with him. Every one was agog with horror. For several days the village heard a moaning in the distance which some people said, with gruesome joy, was the moaning of the missing mother-in-law, tired of the tiger's lair and crying for relief. The news spread far and wide and even now in that region it has become almost a proverb that for fear of the

tiger mothers-in-law should not be quarrelsome.

It was the end of July and three days or so after that, when it rained incessantly day after day, the moaning began to grow louder and louder and sometimes one could hear it for hours at a time. That was not all. One afternoon, not very late, some strange creatures were seen passing by the village. When I first saw them I thought they were mountains walking in the distance. Very soon however we realized that they were wild elephants, black against the sky and the forest, moving along the river. That in itself was not so surprising. We had seen them walking near the village before, but in the past they had never walked quite so openly.

The same night another thing happened that was more curious yet. Soon after the elephants had passed, two panthers wet and wild came and stayed so close to our house that nobody could go out, and they did not leave the place until it was broad day. This

is quite contrary to the habits of tigers and panthers. They come in the dark usually and they go in the dark. At last the rain stopped about seven o'clock when everything was filled with light, a tiger was seen walking through the village as if he owned the place. He growled and groaned so that people drove their cattle in and locked their doors and stayed within the house. Just the same, one man was killed. It was indeed strange that a tiger should come early in the morning and kill a man in the midst of a village of more than fifty families.

Soon after he had gone, the whole village held a meeting. They could not make out what kind of a tiger this could be. Everybody agreed that he was an ungentlemanly animal because no well-bred tiger would have such strange habits. Ordinarily they take themselves off before six o'clock in the morning.

That same evening—the sun had hardly gone down through the stillness that pervaded

everything—what was our consternation to see the tiger again entering the village! But this time the people were ready. They had assembled in our house as it was the first one the animal would pass on the way to the village. Within the compound there were twenty men ready with their javelins to attack him. They waited till he drew nearer and nearer and there was hardly a space of twenty yards between him and the house.

He came as if the daylight was a torch that had been lit for his coming. I could not only see him, but distinguish the color of his skin as he drew nearer, in spite of the fact that evening was drawing nigh very rapidly. It is said by people who only see him in the cage of a park, that a tiger is striped black and yellow, but in the broad daylight or in the open where there is a play of light, the skin has different aspects at different hours. Now a strange purple sheen covered his body; in fact he looked exactly as purple as the evening air, and as the colors faded into dark-

ness, so he seemed at one time completely purple and at another time completely dark.

Let me say here that in the compound were the cow-shed, the goat-shed and the house where we lived. The compound wall was about nine feet high. This compound had two doors on opposite sides; one was for the goats and cattle, the other for people. When he came very near, the doors of the compound were opened from two directions and the group of waiting men divided itself in two, ten men going out one way and the other ten the other way. I watched all this from my window upstairs. The moment the tiger saw the men on the north side of the house, he snarled and crouched to leap. Somehow it had a strange effect on the men. They dropped their weapons and ran inside. Fortunately one of them waited long enough to shut the door behind him.

The tiger then ran around the house and met the other ten men, who stood their ground, but were so surprised to have him

come upon them so quickly that they did not attack him. There were the ten men facing the tiger, all armed to the teeth, but nothing happened! They stood as though spellbound, evidently waiting for the other group to join the attack. Then came a shout within the house calling to them to run inside and shut the door. But who can turn his back to a tiger and run indoors without being killed? What the men finally did was quite remarkable. They slowly walked backwards almost as though they were in a dream and got into the compound and shut the door and then rushed into the house. Until the door was between, they kept their eyes riveted on the tiger. Why they did so I shall explain in another place.

Hardly had they got into the house when the tiger leaped over the nine-foot wall of the compound; and we could see him from upstairs walking round and round in the courtyard. The goats began to bleat in their sheds and the cows to bellow. Suddenly we heard

a terrific noise; the door of the cow-shed burst in and crashed to the ground. One stroke of the tiger's paw had done it! Out ran the frightened cattle. A ghastly carnage ensued! No one, however, had the courage to go out and try to stop it. It was a mercy that by this time the darkness was so intense we were spared the sight of the horror.

The next day a council was held as to what was to be done. My father said:

"Since we are not allowed firearms" (this, as you may know, is a law of the British government) "we have only one thing to do. Did any one see which way the tiger leaped into the compound of our house?"

Of course that was an easy matter to settle. His footprints testified to that and surprising though it may seem, yet it is a fact that when he went away he leaped over at exactly the same place he had come in. A tiger always goes out as he comes in because he has proved the safety of the route. He had killed all our six cows and all day long the place was

infested with vultures that could not be driven away. They poured down from the sky like rain.

Toward sundown, my father drove a long bamboo pole into the ground outside the compound just where the tiger had jumped out the night before. Then a spike about a foot and a half long was driven into the bamboo pole. Including the piece of metal the bamboo pole stood about nine feet above the ground. We all expected the tiger to leap out of the compound at exactly the same spot, and we expected that, instead of falling to the ground, he would fall on the spike and gradually come down to the ground in the course of the night—pierced through and through.

This night he did not come early. Apparently he was not very hungry after his enormous feast of the evening before. Because we wanted to catch and kill him, the carcasses were left on the ground, except what the vultures had eaten during the day.

About nine o'clock in the evening, a sort of bark was heard outside the house. It was the tiger! Not being very hungry, he was not giving his great hunger yell, but was coming to what he knew was ready for him, and he was barking to keep the small animals off his track. These are usually jackals who pursue a tiger in order to feast on what he leaves behind after his kill.

Without any hesitation and without any difficulty, he leaped over the wall and fell into our courtyard again, and as he leaped, he brushed the bamboo pole and made it shiver. Since the night was without a moon, we could not see just what was happening, but once in a while a flash of two flames—the flash of his eyes, as he walked about in the dark, gleamed in our direction.

My father said, "This tiger is going to eat up the whole village, if we don't prevent it. We must do something to frighten him."

About a dozen of the villagers who had come to spend the night with us, said, "What can we do?"

My father answered, "Well, we can't let him plan to do as he pleases; for if does as he pleases, he will never get frightened and leap out of the place where he first came in. What we have to do is to frighten him somehow so that he leaps over the wall incautiously, and then I am sure he will be caught upon the spike, and the rest is easy."

One of the villagers said, "I have never heard of this before. Do you know how to frighten a tiger so that he will spring from the ground in fear?"

My father said, "We will find a way. We must; otherwise he will go hence unhurt. We must make him jump out of the courtyard in such a haste that—" But my father did not finish his sentence. The tiger was nearing the goat-shed. One could hear him rubbing his side against the door of it. It was like drawing a sword-blade against silken drapery. The goats so far dumb in terror now bleated, mortally frightened.

I shouted, "There go our goats!"

My father had snatched up several yards of

loose homespun we use for making garments, pouring a quantity of butter into the cloth which he rolled into a bundle and set on fire. Just then we heard the tiger smite the door of the goat-shed with his paw. It fell with a noise. At once father threw his burning bundle down into the courtyard. Instead of being extinguished as it struck the earth, the butter-saturated mass of cloth rolled out and the flames spread, licking up the ground as the lightning sheet licks the clouds. With a horrible snarl and roar the tiger turned around. For one awful instant he stood glaring at the flames. I shall never forget the sight of the quivering monster painted crimson and gold by the fire upon the sooty blackness of the night. He seemed to swell to twice his natural size as the flames burst higher. Then he leaped like a flash of lightning from a black cloud and was lost in darkness. The weird illumination showed us only the frantic goats as they ran out of the goat-shed. The bleating of the

goats was deafening, everything was confusion, but over their noise like a boulder of sound fell the roar of the tiger and instantly everything was crushed to stillness. Some more flames danced out of the creases and folds of the burning cloth, and the tiger was revealed again. The fire hissed. And again he sprang away into the darkness.

We waited in suspense. It seemed seconds passed into minutes and the minutes passed into years. Yet we heard no thud of his fall on the other side of our compound wall. The flames began to die down and the circle of light to grow smaller and smaller. We could see nothing beyond it. We did not know whether the tiger would leap against the window and break into our house or whether he would attack the goats huddled in a corner. Everybody trembled, and I can remember now the sound of my own teeth chattering in my head.

Suddenly the night was torn with a ghastly howl of pain, and we could feel something

lashing the air outside. It was the bamboo pole swaying back and forth as the tiger fell on it with his full weight. Evidently he had jumped and he had been caught at last. The lashing of his tail and the swaying of the bamboo pole added their horrors to his increasing yells.

My father said, "Now that he is safely impaled, we can sleep the whole night. In the morning we will go and hammer him on the head."

So we all went to sleep, but were disturbed from time to time by the awesome whining of the agonized beast. We were awake long before daybreak.

Before the day breaks in India, everything grows still. To us it seemed that even the tiger had ceased to moan. A silver whispering ran through the land like the dawning of the moon. Then suddenly from out that tone of silver rose shapes and spaces and revealed the forms of trees and stones. The birds began to sing.

As we ran out of the house, we saw the tiger lying on the ground, the bamboo pole through his body. We found the animal lying in a pool of blood, still alive. It is a curious fact that meat eating animals bleed a long time before they die while the vegetarians die quickly. We brought stone hammers to put him out of his misery. This, my father said, was an act of mercy.

Just at this moment we heard moanings in the distance, and when we opened the doors of the compound and went out, we saw jackals and antelopes walking about outside. Beyond we could see wild animals going down the river. There were monkeys who from the treetops had seen a warning, and also their fellow tree-dwellers, the squirrels, then a troop of wild buffalo who had received their signal as they grazed, and the sensitive Mushik Nava, the musk-bearing deer. These last are solitaries and wander alone, and to see them crowded together was a sign to us of pressing disaster, swift and certain. Birds came in

flocks and flew across the sky. The moaning became louder and louder. It seemed to be coming from the other direction and I darted ahead of my parents through the compound and out the other side. What was it in the north that looked so strange? By this time I was thoroughly frightened—I saw what seemed a huge white jungle marching down upon us. My father and mother were behind me now and I heard my father gasp, "The flood!" The flood it was. The fast approaching waters began now to boom and howl like a thousand tigers mortally wounded.

We were all dazed—partly by the fatigue and excitement of the preceding nights but mostly because the thing was so utterly unexpected. No one had felt the slightest premonition, and our country, though a lowland, had experienced no such catastrophe for a hundred years. If we had not been so absorbed in defending ourselves from the tiger, we would have paid more attention to those strange distant moanings which we had heard

from time to time during the past few days.

Suddenly the great white wall of advancing water was upon us, sweeping everything before it. We rushed into the upper story of the house and watched in consternation the destruction of our little farm. With the exception of our dwelling place, all our other sheds and out-houses were swept away, all the compound walls were swept away, and we were left in the house, which was built of concrete, a little island around which the water gurgled and hissed.

Hardly had the flood reached us when animals began to take possession of the house itself. From nowhere snakes crawled up and lay coiled in corners undisturbed and disturbing no one. On the roof we could see wild peacocks sitting quietly, watching and peering into space for some indication of trees and jungle. There was none. We were all lost in the wilderness of water.

Our village was nearly all swept away with the exception of four families. These families

had made their homes in houses like ours of concrete. On the contrary, other people, whose houses were made of adobe with thatched roofs, not only lost their possessions, but gave their very lives in the effort to save a few of them from the tide. Later we found that two small streams about twenty miles above us had broken through an island in the river that had served as a partial dam. The moaning sound we had heard was the water relentlessly gnawing up that island and making its way through to the river. When the island was wiped out the streams became one fierce flood whose onslaught nothing could stay.

CHAPTER II

WE BEGIN OUR CAREER AS HUNTERS

CHAPTER II

WE BEGIN OUR CAREER AS HUNTERS

AFTER the flood my mother was taken ill. She grew steadily worse, and we paid no further attention to the animals, which as soon as the water went down, moved northward in quest of the jungle. Then my mother died, and my life changed utterly. There was no longer any reason for keeping our house which was all that was left us of our property. As I have explained, the inundation carried away everything; even the land which we owned and farmed. There was nothing for us to do but to sell our house and try to find some other means than farming by which to make a living.

My father, always a silent man, since my

mother's death seldom spoke, but there was great love and understanding between him and me. He was tall, with the full beard of the warrior caste, from which, in truth, he had sprung. He had been a Rajput and had married my mother outside his caste, and this usually means in India that a man prefers to leave his people and make a home for himself elsewhere. So my father left his native place and came to the small village which I have been describing, to take up his life as a farmer.

But the old warrior blood was strong in him, and when my mother died, and there was nothing to hold him to our home, his instinct reasserted itself and found its natural outlet in hunting. This gave us a livelihood, for we could always find a market for the skins of wild animals. We were in the province of the Rajah Parakram, and agents from the royal capital, Tamra Purni, would take all we would bring them to sell in the city.

But before I launch into an account of the adventures that befell me in the new life, I must describe one that happened just before the waters of the flood engulfed us. It relates itself in so curious a way to my after life that it should be mentioned before I go on with my story.

Among the other animals escaping from the flood a herd of wild elephants came down upon our village. They were crazy with fear of the running water that pursued them mile after mile, and when you remember that an elephant because of his unwieldy bulk, is drowned if the water is deep enough, as easily as a tiny ant, his terror during a great flood is not surprising.

I happened to be in the village when this herd came upon us, and another boy and I scrambled into a tree out of harm's way to watch them go by. On they came, charging down upon us and splashing showers of black mud to the very treetops. The branches where we clung shook with the thunder of

their pounding feet. Women screamed and snatched their children from the door steps without knowing where to take them for shelter, for the walls of the huts could hardly withstand the elephants if in the blind terror of their onrush they plunged against them. Suddenly we saw one of the advanced elephants turn in his tracks and beat back the others. He charged at them with his tusks and struck and lashed them with his trunk so violently that he finally succeeded in sobering the entire herd, and by the time they reached the village they were marching quietly. I never saw a more amazing sight. "See," cried my companion, "the Lordly One has a mark on his forehead!" I leaned out of the tree to look as they passed by, and sure enough, the selfmade leader was branded on the forehead. I naturally thought no more of it with all the other experiences that crowded upon me with the flood, but I was to meet that elephant again in very different circumstances; he was to play an important rôle in

my future life and bring me fortune, as you shall hear, and I was to recognize him by that sign he wore between his eyes.

But to return to our early experiences in hunting, when fortune was not what we expected to meet, and a bare living was all that the jungle seemed to offer. When we first began to hunt, my father and I went across the river every morning, but after we sold our house we built a hut of bamboo and thatch on the opposite bank at the edge of the forest, and made it our home, and we also built a raft with which to go across the river. We went on fishing day after day, month after month, living on rice and vegetables which we bought from the nearest village across the river, and jungle fruit. We never killed for food; that was one of the earliest lessons I learned in my forest school. There were several reasons for this, some of which you will learn in the course of the story. Our clothing was a simple matter in that warm climate. Our homespun linen, tan in color,

which is as durable almost as leather though not nearly so heavy, served for tunic and turban. My father had also a long green scarf which he would sometimes wrap about himself.

The jungle had personalities according to time and season. The jungle of the spring is not the same as that of the winter or of the summer. During the rainy season we were much inside our hut but we did not have it to ourselves at night. When the monkeys discovered our shelter they were delighted and calmly took possession of it every night. They were so uncomfortable on the treetops during the incessant downpour, yet were too afraid of tigers ever to venture on the floor of the jungle to sleep; but by a fire they knew they were safe and at bedtime they would unlatch our door as easily as I could and make themselves at home. The first time this happened I was very frightened. It was at the beginning of the rains, and I had been out to help my father carry supplies from the



"WHAT WAS MY AMAZEMENT TO SEE A ROOM FULL OF GREY DWARF-LIKE FIGURES"

U. S. 757239

raft which he had brought from the village with a larger load of provisions than usual, for crossing the river would become increasingly difficult as the currents became deeper and swifter as the season advanced. On our return I ran ahead and when I pushed open the door what was my amazement to see the room full of grey dwarflike figures sitting about the fire like spirits. I was about to cry out with terror when my father came up, and putting his hand on my shoulder, said, "Do not be afraid, little son; it is only the monkey folk who have taken shelter from the rain." Somewhat reassured but still clinging to my father, as in the dim light the monkeys had a very eerie look, I went in with him. The creatures paid not the slightest attention to us. There they sat solemnly, about twenty of them, gazing at the fire and blinking in the light of it. There was one mother gravely nursing her baby, who looked as if the house belonged to her and she knew it. After this, they came every night, always

silent, always ignoring our presence. I can recommend no better experience for anyone who believes in his own importance than to share, as we did, a house with a tribe of monkeys. We could not drive them away and soon we did not wish to, for they proved to be the best possible watch dogs, and at the approach of any savage animal would waken us in time to protect ourselves. In the daytime squirrels would occasionally come in begging for nuts, but they were too shy to stay long.

With the rains the river deepened, and with the deeper water, ever since the flood had changed the course of the river, came the crocodiles; and then we were afraid to use our raft. The first I knew of a crocodile in our neighborhood was one morning when I saw a small monkey drinking from the river. Suddenly he dropped down with a curious gesture and I saw him slowly dragged under water by his arm and disappear. In a few moments a charred piece of wood was floating

by. This was the crocodile's black, scaly back showing above the water. After that we and the animals bathed and crossed the river farther up stream where it was more shallow and quite safe.

About a year after the flood at the end of the rains, one evening my father brought home from the village two bags of nuts and two of beans. The beans he first boiled and then fried in butter, adding salt and pepper, and set aside to cool. During these proceedings I helped him in silence, though I was bursting with the natural curiosity of the small boy who knows that something unusual is afoot. I had been well trained by my father, however, and I asked no questions. Presently he said, "I am getting ready the food for a hunting expedition into the heart of the jungle. Tomorrow we shall go and build ourselves a platform in the trees where we shall stay for a whole week night and day, and await what spoil the gods send us." My heart skipped at the thought of it and I

could hardly sleep through the night in my impatience to start for the jungle.

At last the day broke. At five o'clock we were ready, my father having first filled a bag for each of us with the cooked beans, and taking the two bags of nuts which would be, with jungle fruits and water from the springs, our rations for the week, we said our morning prayer and by the time it was broad daylight we were well on our way. We did not go into the jungle directly because it is rather dangerous to enter a jungle at that early morning hour. The reason is that animals like the tigers and the panthers that have strayed near the edge of the forest in quest of food may cross one's path and are likely to be vicious.

Suddenly my father pointed silently to the ground. I looked and saw the hoof-marks of an antelope ahead of us. We followed, and soon we could make out also the paw-marks of a tiger. My father said to me that probably during the early hours of the dawn a

tiger had come to the drinking place here on the river bank, and had waited for an antelope who too came to drink, and the antelope aware that a tiger was about, had run away hotly pursued by his enemy. "Look," my father said, "The hoof-prints are becoming more and more distinct! That means the antelope grew careless. He was so frightened that his muscles became slightly paralyzed with terror. He could not move fast enough. Not only that, wherever he stepped, his feet almost clung to the spot, though only for the fraction of a moment. That's a bad omen for him." As we went on further we found out that in many places the hoofs of the hind legs made very deep impressions on the ground and the hoofs of the front legs, instead of making distinct hoof-marks, scraped the ground as if the animal had had to pull out his hind legs with great effort. My father said, "The poor fellow must be dead within two hundred yards of us here. His back was paralyzed with terror; though his

head was clear his muscles failed him." We pursued the foot-marks of both animals a little further, and hardly had we gone another fifty feet when we heard a fierce snarl from a neighboring bush. We hastened up a tree and sat on a branch far above the leap of a tiger. Not only that—we went from branch to branch, from tree to tree, monkey-fashion, until we reached the spot right above the bush where the tiger was dining on the slain antelope. There is something terrifying and beautiful even in a scene like that, with the tiger gold and black in a pool of blood, half of him resting on the antelope and his face buried under the chin of the dead beast. Tigers like to eat the softer parts first, mostly the throat, then the muscles of the chest and then some parts of the stomach, before starting to eat from the ribs. This they leave for the next day. Generally there is no next because if a tiger leaves his victim behind, other animals come and eat it up. But it was the scene itself and not what we knew

of a tiger's habits, that impressed us. It was red and gold and green that we saw, and anyone coming on the spot unawares would not have noticed a tiger at all, except for the flies and the odor of his body. The whole thing looked like a pattern study of gold and green and red.

The tiger went on eating, and since we lived by trapping tigers or by killing them, we had to devise a way of getting at him. We watched and watched and watched, till about nine o'clock, when the tiger dragged himself away into a bush and fell asleep. But before he went we noticed his chest was gashed and blood was trickling out. Apparently, the antelope ere he died, had struck the tiger with his hoofs and cut a deep wound into the latter's chest. The tiger stood in the sun a few minutes and licked himself and we could make out distinctly that he was wounded. Very likely it was too late for him to go to his lair and also he wished to keep watch on his kill, so instead of going very far away he withdrew about

nine feet from the dead antelope and lay there.

Pretty soon we began to notice that the bushes beneath were moving strangely; we looked more closely and saw many small black noses poking out between the leaves with twitching nostrils scenting the kill. There were foxes and jackals. They had smelled the prey from afar and had come to claim their share of bones to pick. As they drew nearer, the tiger barked—it was almost like the bark of a hound—and that made the undergrowth tremble from end to end like green torches shaken by the breeze. Until midday in the undergrowth this trembling alternated with intense stillnesses and then fell a greater stillness of the tropic noon.

Until then the probing noses of the different little animals would appear close to the kill and sometimes their jaws would open (the poor starved jackals!) to get a bite of meat; then suddenly the tiger would give a snarl of anger which would send them scam-

pering off, waving the undergrowth from end to end. There was very little sound to this thing but there was a great deal to be seen. If a jackal moved, the undergrowth waved. If it was a fox that was moving, the undergrowth shivered like the hide of a sleeping dog having a nightmare.

Suddenly the undergrowth moved very differently. The tall saplings and leaves seemed to clap each other like the hands of children. The gesture of clapping came from two different directions not very far apart. They came in a line converging to the spot where the slain antelope lay covered with flies, and from where arose the terrible odor of tiger which is distinct and penetrating. This clapping of leaves against leaves went on for a few minutes. There was something very sinister about it and I shivered. My father reached out his hand and gripped mine. He said, "Steady, son." A very low, almost inaudible whisper ran through the grass and the saplings; then lo and behold! without any

more warning two leopards stood facing each other very close to the kill. At their appearance the flies swarmed up in a black cloud. The leopards had not smelled the presence of the tiger for they were standing in the direction from which the wind was blowing, and instead of their scenting the tiger, the tiger scented them, but he was too sleepy to move. My father said to me in a very low whisper, "Don't be afraid. Don't make even the slightest shadow of a move. These are tree-climbing leopards. If they come up this tree we will both be done for."

I thought I knew why the leaves of the saplings and the undergrowth moved like the clappings of children's hands. It was because the pattern of spots on the coat of a leopard looked as though it was made by a leaf dipped in ink and pressed over and over again on the golden hide. Whenever a leopard moves, the trees and the saplings move in terms of this pattern of leaves, making spots in the air.

No sooner were the two hungry leopards aware of each other than they crouched and stared steadily into each other's eyes. Their tails moved like charged wires and one of them hitting a sapling broke it with a snap. Snap! Snap! And suddenly from nowhere, like an apparition of terror between their two angry faces was protruded the face of the tiger! He had not only smelled their presence but had been roused from his sleep by the breaking of the saplings. It was a dreadful moment. The two leopards began to move away not very far, with the stealthiness and the soundlessness of a thread withdrawn from the eye of a needle. A moment's pause followed. Then the tiger yelled at them as if a mountain had broken and the fierce tide of pent-up waterfalls were rushing upon us. Such was the roar of the tiger. But the leopards were not to be downed by this. Hardly had the tiger's roar died away, when the two beasts wailed like creatures whose vitals had been struck with burning spears.

This was their challenge; the tiger stepped back, for by the sound of it he fully realized that they knew he was wounded. He crouched for a moment, eyeing both of them. They came a few steps forward preparing to strike him. A sinister pause followed. The whole jungle from treetop to the very bottom of the earth and from horizon to horizon was seized by an aching stillness, broken only by the slight movement of the tip of the tiger's tail. To our eyes all three of the antagonists seemed to flatten themselves more and more to the earth. It is the nature of the cat tribe when attacked, particularly the most cruel members of it like the lion, the leopard and the tiger, to flatten themselves upon the ground and press their bellies hard against it as if in that way they gained strength. But there is another reason. If an animal like a tiger lies very close to the ground, his enemy, when he leaps at him, exposes his own throat and belly, which can be attacked from below. The second ad-

vantage of it lies in the momentum that an animal gets when it starts to leap; the closer it crouches to the ground and the smaller it becomes, the further will it go toward its object when it bounds forward. So all three of them pressed harder and harder to the ground till they were barely a foot high; all you could see of them in the grass was their heads and glaring eyes, red and stony, burning at each other. Suddenly one of the leopards snarled and put out a paw. This was a signal to the second leopard to spring forward at the tiger. But he made no movement at all for he was frightened. It is hard to say just why, when it would seem that the advantage was all with the two leopards as against one wounded enemy; but a tiger has an almost hypnotic power over man and beast and both alike feel a kind of superstitious dread in an encounter with him. The tiger then roared violently. He did this in order to press his advantage which he was quick to sense. We could see plainly the

terror of the second leopard. Then the first leopard lost his head in his rage and ran into the tiger without springing. They bit into each other's mouths and their two pairs of jaws stuck together as if they belonged to one animal. This broke the spell and the second joined the fray. But he could not do much as the two antagonists fought and fought and fought. Each time he drew near the fighters, the tiger struck at him, never relaxing his hold on the other, and the leopard only succeeded in slashing the tiger's sides; he could not reach any vital spots such as the throat or the belly. The two in a death grip spun round and round until at last the second leopard succeeded in biting the thigh of the tiger and burying his teeth into it. That pinned the tiger to one spot. He was held there as if in a vise. But he was equal to the occasion. With his forepaws he pulled the leopard in front of him closer till he almost stood on his hind legs, making the leopard do the same, and with one slashing

move of his claws he ripped the throat of his antagonist. With a desperate yell of mortal agony the leopard's jaws unlocked and he fell to the ground; then he crawled away out of sight, dragging himself with great pain. Just at this moment the second leopard who was biting the tiger's thigh, had given that up and buried his teeth into the tiger's belly, and he lay with his head inside the tiger's vitals, while the tiger's paws and wounded jaw had buried themselves in the leopard's back. Neither of them let go. There was hardly any noise now, except a rustling of the leaves and the moaning of the dying leopard in the distance. Then the jungle stood still. It seemed that even the sun in the sky stood fixed. The parakeets stopped flying in the air, which almost never happens no matter what goes on under the trees on the floor of the jungle. All through the undergrowth one knew that the jackals and foxes were moving. In another fifteen minutes, though it seemed like ten hours, amid a hor-

rible gurgling and groaning noise, the death grapple of the second leopard and the tiger came to its end. The fiercely rolling bodies suddenly grew still. They were like stone, except where occasionally a dying muscle twitched. Soon they moved no more and in a short time the whole bush was surrounded by jackals coming to the kill. My father said to me, "We must go down now and save the skins of these three. The first leopard lies dead yonder." So we hastened down and drove away the jackals and went in quest of the first leopard. Lo! he was lying dead within a few paces of the carcasses of the leopard, the tiger and the antelope. My father and I dragged him into the bush and then he set to work to flay the three of them; there was nothing left of the antelope's hide. We had a difficult time separating the second leopard and tiger from each other. After cutting away some parts of their bodies we did succeed in getting most of their skins.

By this time it was about four o'clock.

While my father went on skinning the animals, I took my bow and arrow to keep the vultures away, as well as the foxes and jackals. Very soon the sun went down. We tied the bleeding skins together and lifted them up to the branch of a tree by a rope and left them for the night. We climbed a neighboring tree and in the light of the rising moon made our platform for the night. My father then produced some evil-smelling oil with which we anointed our bodies as a protection from the army of ants and mosquitoes.

"Father," said I, as we settled to sleep, "during the flood, men, beasts and birds lived together as if they were brothers. If they were so kind to each other then, why do they not treat each other kindly always?"

"Little son," replied my father, "it happens that in the face of a common danger all creatures unite, just as an army closes its ranks before the onslaught of its enemies. During the flood, the animals knew that death was awaiting to destroy them and us

alike, and in that common terror all behaved without malice and without hatred. Some day not only animals but men will learn brotherhood, not in danger alone, but in prosperity."

CHAPTER III

ONE JUNGLE NIGHT

CHAPTER III

ONE JUNGLE NIGHT

BUT our first night out of doors in the jungle was not to be a quiet one. The tiger's skin hanging up in the air removed the odor of the presence of tiger from below. Most animals resent nothing so deeply as the odor of meat-eating creatures, including that of meat-eating man, because they all kill, man for pleasure, and the beasts for food, and which is preferable? The ground was clear for every animal to pass, and yet we, on the upper levels, were secure from invasion as the tiger's skin hung near enough to our perch for the odor of it to keep the tree-climbing creatures, including leopards, away from us.

But I found I could not sleep; it was not only that our bed, being the bare platform was hard, but I wanted to watch and see what was going on below. That was a strangely restless night.

With the dawning of the moon, the jungle was still as if it were hung with the silver strings of a harp through which the lightly stirring wind crooned like the very voice of silence. Hundreds of little animals pushed through the undergrowth and began to eat what was left of the antelope below us. Then the jungle became filled with noises—the myriad noises of incessant tropical life that is like the whirring of a tremendous loom spinning its web of being for eternity. Very soon we heard a snapping and snarling beneath. And suddenly in the moonlight emerged a strange wooden mask of a face with a prong attached to it. It was the rhinoceros. He snorted, and every little animal scampered to cover. As he walked the saplings and trees were broken in his path. Next came a grunt

from a bear going by. This was soon followed by the appearance of two cat-like animals which, from what I could distinguish of them in the moonlight, I decided must be leopards. Then more like them, but none climbed our tree; they passed it as water divides in midstream around a rock. Now came a tiger bigger than the others. He grunted and moaned, yelled at the moon for a few minutes and disappeared, and after that I heard a strange kind of noise as if a vast army were moving so stealthily that even the grass was not disturbed. The moonlight quivered below us and the shadows whispered of strange presences. Pretty soon we saw the wild buffaloes, about sixty in a herd, going below us. They went strangely too, in a sort of crescent-shaped line. At the two ends of the crescent were the strongest bulls, and next to them were the old buffaloes, and near the middle of the crescent one could see the leader, the oldest and the wisest male; between him and the rest were the females

and the children. They said nothing. They did not moo or low. As they reached the bush below us, they snorted and grunted. The hoofs of the males pawed the ground. It was no doubt that they had smelled the place where the day's battle had taken place and they did not like the odor of blood. The males gave a low growl, "Moo, Moo," short and clear, almost like a bark, and the line moved into the deep forest out of sight.

My father, seeing that I was awake, said, "This is the deepest part of the night, and there is now no danger below us. Almost all the beasts of prey have gone out to hunt. In an hour it will be midnight and we will find most of them at the drinking place. Are you afraid?" I said no. He said, "Then come down with me and we will walk toward the drinking place." As we climbed down we felt as if we were descending into a mine of jewels. There were the eyes of the foxes and the jackals and the wild cats below us that were moving about, from the brightest emer-

ald to the blood-red ruby their eyes gleamed in the moonlight. As we approached them they darted away like a swarm of jewelled gnats blown by the wind.

It did not take my father long to reach the watering place. He seemed to know the way by instinct. He felt the elephant tracks, saying, "Each kind of animal has its own way of travelling. It makes its own track and it goes its own way. The safest thing for man to do is to follow the elephant because no animal trespasses upon his immediate track leading to the drinking place."

I learned afterwards that animals of the tiger tribe as well as their prey, leave few tracks. Neither of them can afford to give themselves away. They come stealthily and drink as quickly as possible and disappear. However, the buffalo always chooses a particular place to drink from, very carefully hidden. Yet the discerning eye can see where it comes and whither it goes.

We followed the elephant track and were

on the river bank in about half an hour. We climbed up a tree and stayed there and lay still as fruits on a bough. Our stomachs were glued to the branch on which we were stretched and our chins rested on the backs of our hands which grasped the limb tightly. From where we were we could see the buffalo herd go up the river. They came in a strange formation, a male, a baby and a female, the baby between its father and mother. Then they moved up along the bank under our tree in the same way and disappeared. Thus came and went the procession of buffaloes. Hardly had they gone out of sight when we heard a snap! snap! snap! not very far away from us. Yet the sound was close to our level and not beneath us. Then we heard the vines shaking and cracking here and there. Suddenly, like a snake, something black came within a foot of me and pulled a twig from the tree on which we were lying. The tree shook and we almost fell off. Then another snake-like thing crawled up and pulled the

branch again and the very roots of the tree seemed to be shaken by something crowding against it from below. I turned my head to look at my father, who was behind me on the thickest part of the limb. He reassured me with a touch; he made no sound. Suddenly two large white swords gleamed up below us in the moonlight! Snap! Snap! Snap The boughs began to shake far away and near by and the gleaming swords went forward, revealing the head and the body of a tusker. What I had thought were great snakes were their trunks curling up the tree-tops in search of juicy twigs. Their tusks, like scimitars, looked murderous in the moonlight. The bull elephant, the leader of the herd, the oldest and the strongest, went down to the drinking place and moved up to the right and stood still. Then followed him a baby elephant, hardly a year old, and by it the mother of the baby. They went and stood close to the bull further up. Then came some more babies and mothers, till three strong bulls

brought up the rear, one after the other, and closed the end of the long line facing the river. The elephant furthest down stream put his trunk into the water and drank first. Then the next one above took his drink. Then the next and the next, and so on until the old elephant, the chief up-stream—the last of all—quenched his thirst. You see, each elephant drinks in turn in this way so that the water shall not be polluted for the next above. Had the leader drunk first, he would have forced the others to drink the water muddied by his trunk and borne down by the current, which is not good for the health. Just as the elephants were finishing drinking, between the moonlit spaces emerged the horns of a stag. The silver light dripped down his horns and flanks like rain. He came between the elephants' drinking place and the buffaloes'. Thus he was protected on both flanks. He was tall and beautiful and must have been six feet long and about three and one-half tall. No doubt he was the pride

of the jungle, the most beautiful creature that you can imagine. His silver body—he seemed made of silver in the moonlight—dipped halfway into the water as he drank, but I noticed that his two ears were turned in different directions, one pointing forward, the other back. The stag has the most delicate hearing in the world. With his left ear he was listening to the water and with his right to the jungle behind him. Deer have been attacked by crocodiles in the water and by tigers on the land, so whenever they drink they are careful to listen in both directions at once, and they are especially cautious because their two other senses are utterly useless at that time, for when a deer is drinking he can neither smell nor see. His nose is in the water and he cannot see because his eyes follow his nose. His two ears not only hear, but, for the time being, they fulfil the functions of seeing and smelling. Hardly had the stag begun to drink when his tail which had been shaking up to now in the air,

stopped still, and one heard from a large tree a strange rustle! In a flash he turned and stood facing the jungle but both ears he now bent to the windward. If any animal came to attack him from the direction of the wind his ears would know it by the sounds that would be blown toward him, while his eyes were turned ready to warn him of any danger approaching from other quarters. He watched for a moment and the branches of the same tree trembled slightly, almost too slightly, within a few yards of him. We could not see anything but we imagined it was a panther that the stag had heard.

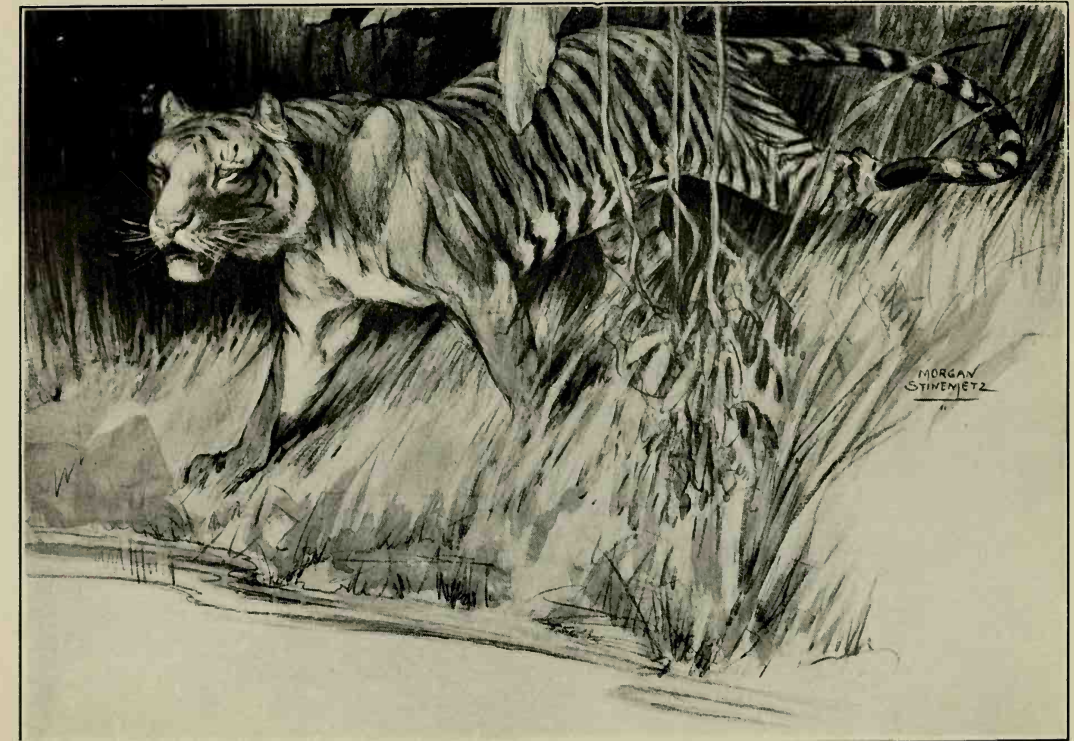
The buffaloes grunted aloud. I realized then that they had not gone away. They, too, were hiding under trees and bushes, waiting for the enemy. The elephants turned round and put their trunks into their mouths. They made no noise. They too, faced the forest as the buffaloes, but very silently like a vast mob of clouds they seemed to move beneath us. Was the panther going to leap? That

was the question uppermost in the minds of all the animals. Pretty soon we found one bull buffalo very close to the stag. Apparently, the buffaloes were moving down to protect him, and the bull elephant moved up, and there stood the stag with the king of the jungle on his right hand and the prime minister—the buffalo—on his left. It made the hidden panther in the tree-top very angry. He gave a yell of rage, disgusted with this performance, and bounded off from the branch where he had lain concealed. Then we heard a thud on the ground and a rustle of leaves and saplings and grass followed by dead stillness.

But apparently all was not over yet. The panther had simply changed his whereabouts and gone to another point of vantage from which to attack the stag. We saw the buffaloes move into the jungle. They gave a lowing call, which was a signal to the stag. He bounded off to the right, then bounded again. The panther bounded after him, but

as if by a hideous miracle he was faced with the unwavering wall of elephants. By now the stag was gone. He was safe. In sheer anger the panther attacked the receding buffalo herd. "He must have been dying with hunger to attempt such a thing," my father said. The elephants trumpeted and charged after him. Snap! Crash, crack, in all directions, saplings and trees were broken. The forest trembled. Thus passed the elephants. Again stillness descended like a curtain. Suddenly we heard "moo, moo, moo," in the distance. The leader of the buffaloes was marching his orderly herd homeward.

Now came all kinds of small animals to drink—little ones: weasels, foxes, cats of all kinds. Then about three o'clock the tiger. He drank quite a little, licked himself into fine shape in the light of the moon and walked home with the lordly air of a portly rajah. He gave a terrific roar from the depth of the jungle, which meant to say, "I


MORGAN
STINEMETZ

have dined. All is safe. Besides I quite approve of the moon."

And now we began to feel a strange movement in the jungle. It was not a movement of fear but a sense of relief and homecoming that filled the forest spaces. The moon set and a vast silence like an army took possession of the jungle. This lasted for ages it seemed, when a shiver went through everything as if the moon were going to rise again. Hardly had the light broken when the booming of bird voices rent the air with the joyful call of the sun. In a moment the milky light was fraught with shapes and forms. Trees, branches, shore lines and distant spaces that were quite indistinguishable a moment ago, stood out in their radiant colors. Scarcely had they become distinct when like running torches of gold, the sun rose, burning the spaces with ruddy wonder. We got down from our tree and looked for the place where the panther had attacked the buffaloes. Within two hundred yards of us

we found the poor fellow lying trampled and almost pasted to the ground, a mass of blood and flesh, almost every bone in his body crushed into jelly. Even his skin was useless.

"I wish the tiger were dead too," said I, having had my fill of the Striped One of late, and considering him to be the arch enemy of all the world, but my father, who above all things loved fair play, replied, "Nay, Thoughtless One, the tiger is a nobleman; terrible, indeed, but remember that there are many, who by reason of their baseness, are more dangerous! Part of his strange power, it may be, lies in his enemy's consciousness that he is more exalted than they. When the Tiger goes forth to kill he permits little Fiaw the Fox to give warning to all the jungle—the leopard is more secret and more bloody. Also the Tiger never attacks man, as thou knowest, unless by some means he has already tasted human blood; moreover, he does not mind eating carrion when very

hungry. Never would he kill man wantonly; the Mighty One," concluded my father, "when he is old and weak, may become vicious and crafty as the leopards. But not when he is in his prime."

CHAPTER IV

MY EDUCATION

CHAPTER IV

MY EDUCATION

THE Jungle is in many ways a very good school both for animals and little boys. My father was so convinced of this that he never troubled about any other kind of education until I was much older. "To read and write is a dangerous thing," he would say, "and the learning thereof should not be undertaken before a man is duly fortified by experience." So I was carefully instructed in the ways of the tiger and the leopard before being subjected to the risk of book-learning!

I was taught the ways of the jungle, the meaning of nature and the place of man among his brothers, the creatures below and the gods above. Of course it was not all study and no play because in between study-

ing life and nature we used to go off on tramping trips. Many adventures happened to make us muse upon the mysteries of life and this was by no means the least important part of my education.

All this time the only weapons we carried were bows and some arrows and an axe. My father applied for permission to own a rifle in order to use it in his hunting expeditions. But, as you know, the government does not allow Hindoos to carry weapons. That is why so many are killed in India by tigers. However, the government makes a few exceptions in the case of hunters and ex-soldiers, and after months of delay, my father succeeded in obtaining permission to possess a very good rifle and he was given unrestricted power to use it in the jungle. We went on observing the life of the forest and the more we learned about it, the less we destroyed, for my father said:

"There are three laws for man in the jungle: first, he must not kill without warn-

ing. Second, he must not kill for food, and third, he must neither hate nor fear."

To illustrate the first rule, my father told me how once he had gone on a hunting expedition with two young English subalterns. They had set up a shooting platform in a likely place and had tethered a goat near by for a decoy. Soon after nightfall a leopard made his appearance, and possibly because he suspected a trap, he failed to attack the goat. The moonlight fell brilliantly clear and one could plainly see him turn as though about to walk away. One of the Englishmen, impatient and afraid of losing his quarry, was foolish enough to shoot. Considering his haste it was not surprising that he missed. Instantly, my father said, the animal turned about and leaped at the platform. In the dark one could not make out how he reached it so quickly. A flash of moonlight fell across his flank and then on the white fangs of his open jaw, and lo, he was upon them! There was no time

for a second shot and no room to take aim. My father leaped to the ground, giving a long piercing wail—the cry of a she-leopard in peril. The creature, startled, turned to look, and in that instant my father shot him through the shoulder. . . So always, if you cry to an animal or throw a stone at it, for a moment it will pause in surprise and off guard and you have your chance to aim at a vulnerable spot. When you give warning you have asserted the superiority of your nerves over your adversary's, and that is half the battle won.

As for the other two rules, my father said that he who feeds on flesh, man or beast, carries with him the odor of the meat-eater, a warning to all animal life in the jungle. So also with fear and hate; man, like the animals, exudes a curious and unmistakable odor when he is afraid and when he is angry, which betrays both his presence and his weakness to the sensitive nostrils of the jungle people.

My father was a wonderful shot with the bow as well as with a rifle, and try as I would, I could never come up to his standards. No one outside of India will believe the tales of his exploits but they are true, nevertheless. Often near a stream he would point out a hawk on a tree-top and say, "Little son, the eyes of youth are keener than those of age: throw a stone at yonder bird and dislodge him!" I, always ready for this game, would throw as bidden and my father with gaze fixed on the water would aim by the reflection of the startled bird as it took flight and in seven cases out of ten, bring down the hawk. If he missed he would say nothing but would shoulder his rifle and continue on his way, but when he hit the bird he would always remark, "Thus, my son, do we accomplish more by judgment than by sharp sight!"

His hearing was very acute and he could shoot at night by sound. When there was an obstacle between himself and his prey he

would hear it; he would wait listening to the sound of the animal as it went by until it was clear of any growth that might obstruct the passage of a bullet. It was as easy to go through the forest with him by night as by day.

One of the first things my father taught me was how to know in which direction an animal was passing and why. I had to learn by the nature of the tracks and by the odor and by the movements of the undergrowth as an animal passed, what kind of a creature it was that I was likely to meet. Suppose it were a bear? How would I know it by the track I was following? There were many ways but the inevitable one was this. Bears have a great love for eating ants out of an ant-hill. The ants make their hills so that they go in and out of their home through only a hole, and this little aperture is the only source of ventilation for the ant-hill. By a suction started at this hole, all the ants can be drawn out of the ant-hill. So in a jungle infested

with bears, I would keep a sharp eye out for ant-hills. I would carefully examine each one I came to in order to make sure whether the bear had passed that way or not. If the ant-hill were empty of ants, that meant the bear had eaten them all and had gone on, and was ahead of me, but if the ant-hill were full of ants, everything was safe; the bear was somewhere far behind. Though the bear does not eat human beings, he does not like the sight of them. No sooner does a bear see a man close than he runs after him and if he can, scratches him from head to foot with his claws. Several scratches from a bear's claws are apt to be fatal. You must remember there is no escape from a bear by running up a tree for he too can run up and pursue you from branch to branch until he kills you.

During the rainy season it is very difficult to know where the bears are. Even the tracks are quite impossible to recognize. Between showers, it is easy to discern their footprints but it is altogether hopeless to tell

the nature of an animal by examining his footprints after a shower. However, in the rainy season there is one safeguard: the animals are not so apt to attack each other at that season. You would be surprised to know how afraid they are of rain and thunder. Once I was in the deep recesses of the jungle with my father when the rain and the thunder burst upon us. It was two o'clock in the afternoon and suddenly the clouds overcast the sky, the thunder pealed, and the heart of the forest was thick as midnight gloom. By the after-glow of each lightning flash I could see mysterious inquiring eyes coming out at us, as if to ask questions. The wondering, frightened animals that were looking at us did not growl, nor did they wish to attack us; there was no malice in their questioning eyes; they seemed to say, "So you are also in the same danger as we. Some fellows have found a big gun somewhere and are firing it at us, while they shake the heavens with their torches. Well, since

we are all likely to be shot, we won't attack you if you don't attack us!" Though the animals are dumb, their eyes tell more stories than we with our continual jabbering. Down came the rain and the darkness like the end of all things. It was very uncanny—that feeling of wet darkness. It was as if a huge black panther, wet to the marrow-bone, were rubbing his side against my leg, and when the wind blew through the forest this soaked hide of gloom shivered and every black hair on it stood erect and wet. When the storm was over, however—about half-past four—almost the entire jungle was alight with the afternoon sun, very pale by the time it penetrated the thick depth at the heart of the forest. Suddenly we heard a strange humming sound. It was as if a million bees were swarming somewhere.

"There is a bear ahead of us!" my father said. "He is in quest of honey but he is too early. It will be another fortnight before the combs are well filled. He must be very

hungry, or he would wait. Let us go far away!"

The crooning of the bear drew nearer and nearer, and we began to draw away from him in the opposite direction but still he came closer. Suddenly my father said,

"He will be upon us in a minute. We must make haste!"

We moved in the direction of the wind for we did not want the odor of our presence to be blown toward the bear. Suddenly the bear's decoy cry stopped and we thought we were safe. Then we heard the humming of bees not far from us. We looked around but could see nothing. We looked up, and behold, there was the bear on a tree above us, eating honey from a comb! The bees were coming home, and their humming grew louder and louder as they approached.

"If we are not killed by the bear," my father said, "we will be stung to death by the bees."

So we stealthily moved away. My father

began to imitate the sound of humming in order to draw away the bees from the bear, who would not molest us while eating honey, but he did not hum loud enough to attract the bees far in our direction. For a moment he stopped his humming and listened. We heard the bear snarl and we knew that the bees had found him and were tormenting him. Then we climbed hastily into the next tree and watched. In a few minutes the snarling bear fell down to the ground with a thud and ran off into the jungle in an effort to save his snout from the angry swarm. So you see, if you cannot detect the presence of a bear by an ant-hill, you can detect it by examining the honeycombs in the trees for he will never pass honey without eating it.

My father could imitate many sounds besides the humming of bees which he taught me, and which were very useful to us. For example, we could call to each other by using the cry of the wild peacock. We chose this cry first of all because it was very loud

and clear, and secondly, because peacocks were not very numerous, and we were less likely to confuse our own calls with theirs. But things did get mixed up sometimes. Once I called to him from a tree-top and instead of my father's answering my summons, a gigantic male peacock came and pranced about looking for his mate. I then cried some more in peacock language. His tail bristled up, he spread his fan and started to look for his antagonist for apparently I was not giving the call of the female peacock but of the male, the challenge of another male fighting for a mate!

My father and I made it a point never to kill peacocks, for in our forest we needed them for other purposes than their plumage. Peacocks eat snakes, and since my father and I spent much time on the branches of trees, it was wise to have peacocks about to destroy the tree-climbing snakes. Strange to say, the snakes would never detect the proximity of the birds, which put them at a great disad-



"I COULD SEE THAT THE PEACOCK'S FEET WERE FAST IN THE MIDDLE OF A SNAKE'S BODY"

vantage, and proved—I always thought—that they had no sense of smell. By the way, peacocks are very fond of tigers; of this I shall tell you another time.

But to return to the bird I had attracted by my call; he and I sat on the branches of the same tree, he above and I below. The fellow stood quite still and drew his fan quietly back into a long thick tail. He was apparently calm. I was preparing to climb down and go in quest of my father in another direction, but just as I started I heard a beating of wings behind me which was followed by a terrible hiss. I looked up and by the fast fading light of the afternoon I could see that the peacock's feet were in the middle of a snake's body and that the snake's head was raised facing the peacock, while the peacock's head was withdrawn to the full reach of its long neck. They looked like two different kinds of snake to me. The snake was a sort of peacock shorn of its plumes and colors, and the fierce peacock a snake deco-

rated in burning emerald with his beak moving back and forth exactly as the tongue came in and out of the snake's mouth, which it did swiftly like the swift dance of a forked flame. Both the peacock and the snake held their heads high. The snake tried to protect the back of his head from the peacock's powerful beak, for that is where the peacock strikes and rips it open. Each time the peacock tried to bite the snake's head, the latter would turn it so that the peacock would miss his mark; but with the momentum of the bird's repeated movement his head darted lower and lower. The snake, with every recurring opportunity, would try to bite the eye of the peacock, and the bird, with a sudden noise like the ripping and slashing of silk, would dodge in his turn. And so the duel went on, but still the snake was bound to lose. The peacock was standing on the middle of his body, and by his weight was stopping the circulation of the blood; and also the peacock's claws were digging deeper and deeper

into the snake all the time. Then I noticed that as the peacock struck, the snake only drew his head back and no longer made any effort to bite him. Suddenly the snake made a dive and tried to bury his fangs into the lower part of the peacock's leg; but before he could do this the peacock struck his head right on the vulnerable spot in the back, and the snake's body fell sideways, hanging from the branch and moving slowly back and forth two or three times. The peacock had settled down to his snake dinner when I heard my father's voice giving me the peacock call in the distance. I was proud that though a cry had fooled the peacock, it did not fool me. I could tell that it was man-made although my father was so proficient at imitating the sound.

But I have not by any means come to the end of our experiences in tracking bears. There is a third way to find them beside tracing them by means of ant-hills and honeycombs. In the late spring the mahula trees drop their honey-saturated flowers,

which fall to the ground and soon ferment in the sun. The bear comes along in the evening, eats the flowers which have been lying on the grass all day, and becoming intoxicated, soon goes to sleep under the trees. Toward morning he wakes up and goes home. So when walking through the jungle in the morning hours one watches out for mahula trees, where one generally finds the impress of a bear's body on the ground. Now, when the bear is not intoxicated, he sleeps more lightly and leaves no vivid mark of his body on the grass, but when he has eaten the mahula blossoms the intoxication that follows his feasting makes him sleep so heavily that his body becomes almost inert as death and its weight makes a plain mark on the ground. Every morning in the springtime when we went hunting I would look around for these marks which we often found under the trees and by which we determined our course. If we wanted to avoid bears, we kept away from the mahulas.

There are two kinds of bears—the ones that eat meat and the ones that do not. The meat-eating bear has a distinct odor to his body by which one can tell his presence, while the vegetarian or ant-eating bear gives out so slight an odor that it is of no use as a warning, for by the time you notice it you are within at least four yards of him. The non-meat-eating bear, however, is not so dangerous, and he avoids you if he can. Bears never eat human flesh, but the meat-eating bear is so cruel that he is apt to kill a human being when he sees one. Once a bear begins meat eating, he acquires a natural cruelty which the non-meat-eating bears do not have. The same is the case with a certain class of monkeys and many other animals. Seeing this lesson so frequently illustrated in nature and in so many different ways, my father and I were strict vegetarians, and among human beings we could always immediately detect the meat-eaters and vegetarians by their respective odors.

I have spoken at length of bears, for we depended considerably on killing them for our livelihood. Bear skins were greatly in demand in foreign markets. This soon became very easy for my father, for bear hunting to a man of his steady nerves was almost child's play. A bear exposes himself readily to a bullet, standing on his hind legs to attack, while other animals, like the tiger, leap at you too quickly to make an easy mark.

One day we were in the forest wandering about. Suddenly, and not knowing why, we came across a bear hole. No sooner had we seen it than we heard a growl and a snarl. We stood back and in the semi-darkness of the forest we saw a vast mass of black charging at us. My father told me to stand behind him, which I did, but I bent sideways to have a look at what was going on. It would not have done to shoot at the dark mass because where the bear's hair was so long and so thick the bullet might have glanced off his body; had it been a tiger on the contrary, one

could have shot into his chest or his back, breaking the backbone—in some ways an easier matter. But though we knew by his howl it was a bear, we had to wait until he came nearer, which gave him quite an advantage over us. Very soon we saw the gigantic black creature running at us but my father did not move a muscle. I thought he was petrified with terror. The bear came nearer and nearer. I could feel his hair standing on end in anger. His eyes glowed like red-brown fire, and from his lolling tongue was falling a stream of foaming, white saliva. His teeth gleamed like knives, and yet my father did not raise a finger to save himself or me. I longed to turn around and run but my feet felt heavier than lead as I stood rooted to the spot in terror, hypnotized by my fright. Suddenly the bear leaped up, as it were. He stood on his hind legs—he seemed to come faster that way than on all fours—and reached out his front paws hardly two yards away from my father's face. I

could feel his claws rend the air. He opened his mouth wide, where white saliva foamed in a furnace of red. I almost felt his white-hot breath upon me, when like an electric shock, my father's hands rose up, the barrel of the rifle went into the furnace-mouth, and with a thunder-clap, the shot rang out. Blood spurted into the air, followed by a ghastly wail of pain, the last sound of life. I say "sound of life" because I had closed my eyes; I could see no more, I only heard. I felt my father shaking me. When I opened my eyes he said sweetly, "It is not wise to be afraid, little son. Your fear kills you long before what you fear has come upon you. Look, the bear is almost eight feet long. It is a pity that I cannot save his head. His skull is ruined. We must now flay him. But it is getting dark; let us go up into a tree and wait till morn." The dead bear kept watch for us below while we stayed in the tree all night. Because he stayed there no animals came to the spot at all. Death has a strange

effect upon most animals. If an animal's kindred is killed, he does not visit the spot for a long time.

In the morning we got down and flayed the bear. It was surprising to notice that no animal came to eat up the corpse. Apparently the creatures that lived in that part of the jungle never ate bear flesh. For that reason we found the skin quite intact when morning came.

CHAPTER V

EDUCATION CONTINUED

CHAPTER V

EDUCATION CONTINUED

THERE are only three or four animals so dangerous to man that he needs to protect himself against them by a thorough study of their habits. There is the bear and also the tiger and the leopard; but the two last named are not as dangerous as they are generally supposed to be. Until a tiger has eaten a man for the first time, he does not cultivate the habit of killing men for his dinner; only leopards attack our species often. If they do so it is out of our sheer fright. And one taste of human blood does not create in them, as in the tiger, an appetite for more. Leopards do attack children, however; that is their worst trait.

It is said that tigers are brave but they, too, often attack from sheer fright. This is true of panthers also.

I have already told you that tigers and leopards when moving, make patterns in the undergrowth through which they pass—when a tiger passes, the pattern of the movement in the tall grass is like stripes; if a leopard is passing, the pattern shows a form of children's hands coming together and parting again, exactly the pattern of the spots on his body. The difference in the patterns is due to the difference in the way these two animals step. One whose eyes are most keenly alive to the minutest details, grasps these matters early.

But how can we, the average, know them in the dark? That is the jungle dweller's most difficult problem. If one cannot see, and there is no wind to carry the scent, how can one be aware of the feline's approach? There is no way; one must depend entirely on one's instinct. My father had the most

extraordinary power in this respect, and sensing the presence of a wild beast would come down from our tree in the middle of the night and sit on the floor of the jungle with his back to the trunk, so that nothing could attack from the rear. I would sit on his lap and he, holding his rifle on his thigh, would sing to the moon and quiet our nerves while he drew the animal out of hiding. One night we were up in a tree when suddenly my father said:

"I want to sing. Let us go down and make ourselves comfortable on the floor of the forest."

Said I sleepily, "Why not sing here?"

"It is difficult," he answered. "One should be comfortable in order to sing well. Come. Art thou afraid?"

"No," I said.

"Then no animal will attack us," my father assured me.

We climbed down and settled ourselves against the tree trunk. My father sang:

"The moon gathers silence with silver hands.

"The moon gathers silence with silver hands," over and over again.

He improvised on the same theme for a long time and then he took up another:

"God plays with his creation in the secret hours of the night," and as he plunged into the crescendo of the song he suddenly lifted his rifle and fired. We heard a terrible cry that rent the moonlit silence; then the yell grew into a fierce growl and the growl drew nearer and nearer like the long drawn hiss of a snake. My father fired again and waited; there was no sound and he put down his rifle saying calmly,

"Now that the year-old tiger is dead, no animal will disturb us during the night. We will go on with our song." And we did.

In the morning we found that it was not a tiger after all but a very large black tree-climbing panther.

"Father," said I, "how didst thou know the

leopard was near and where to aim in the dark:"

He replied, "When the sun shines, thou seest the shadow of the tree upon the ground. Learn then to hear the shadow of a sound as it passes across the forest."

One early morning as we were entering the jungle, my father exclaimed:

"Look! The tiger is ahead of us. See the pattern of the dew on the grass through which he has passed!"

It was true. Wherever the dewdrops were brushed off from the grass there was the pattern of stripes, and once in a while as we followed this track we found a circular area a foot in diameter, perfectly dry; and my father said:

"This is where he swished his tail about and about, brushing the dew from the grass in a circle."

In one place the grass was pressed low as if somebody had set down a basket on it. Again my father explained:

"Here the tiger buried his face in the dew and waited several minutes to cool himself."

In a few moments he drew the exact outline of the tiger's face on the grass where the dew had been disturbed.

"We had better not go this way," I said. "He may be ahead of us."

"No, Fearful One," my father said. "He is not ahead of us; he is in his lair; and, moreover, he is very well fed. He will not disturb anybody."

"How canst thou be sure?" I asked again. My father said,

"He was taking his dew bath like a king and when a king is anxious or a beast hungry, they neither of them indulge in luxuries."

But hardly had we gone another few hundred paces when we heard a low growl. We stood still. Then came another growl further away. Then another growl still further away. My father remarked:

"His majesty has not reached his lair; he is warning every one to keep at a respectful distance."

"He is walking very slowly," I said.

Suddenly my father began to speak in a low voice and the following conversation between us was held by means of signs and whispers. Hunters and especially those who have been as much together as my father and I, have a very complete language of signs.

"He has been so well-fed that he is audacious in his courage," said my father. "He does not care who sees him, nor does he care what we do to him. He is in a mood of great arrogance; therefore we must respect his majesty and not challenge him."

I turned back at once.

"Do not do that," my father whispered. "He will hear it."

"What?" I breathed in reply, "will he hear my footsteps as I quietly walk away from him?"

"His hearing is very keen. He will think he has frightened us and then he will pursue and kill us. Stand still until he has gone too far to notice which way we go."

So I stood still where I was, my father

behind me looking about for signs of the tiger.

From this you will see that one must depend more than anything else on the eyes in order to learn which way a tiger has passed. If you are quite near one, however, and the wind is blowing from his direction, it is easy to tell which way he is going; also, if you have a keen sense of hearing you can discover his whereabouts. If you are in a jungle where you never see the footprints of an antelope, a deer, a buffalo or a wild goat, you may be perfectly sure there is no tiger or leopard in the neighborhood. They go where their victims go. There is still another useful thing to know about the haunts of tigers. If you find a spring in the jungle you may be sure that there is a tiger's lair not far away, for he drinks a great deal of water and always chooses for his lair a spot within easy access to a drinking place.

One day I remember my father and I came to a spring. We were very hot and tired and

eager to quench our thirst. Hardly had we drunk a dozen scoops of water when we heard a sleepy grunt quite near to us. We looked around a bit and soon found two tiger cubs nearby. They were frightened and shied at us, crouching low, their bellies pressed close to the ground. Again we heard a grunt, sleepy but distinct. My father said:

"Let us go away."

The cubs followed us for quite a distance. We longed to catch them but we knew that their mother was wide awake and that if her baby tigers gave the slightest cry she would be upon us. But the strange thing was that one of the cubs actually came and jumped at me as a pet dog jumps at its master. His claws ripped my loin cloth and scratched my skin, and in my astonishment I struck him with my hand. He whimpered a bit and at that instant came the tigress from her lair.

"Up a tree! She is coming!" my father whispered.

There was no doubt about it—she was

indeed coming! We had hardly climbed a tree when we saw about fifteen feet away from us, the old tigress advancing. She was a magnificent creature, about seven feet without her tail. She strode up and glared at her cubs. They came whimpering to her sides and nestled against her. Then suddenly she slapped the little one that had jumped at me and then washed it—licked it clean with her tongue. How on earth she ever knew which one had attacked me, I cannot tell. But after they had gone away my father said to me:

"Did'st thou see the old lady lick that cub?"

"Yes," said I. "Why did she do it?"

"Where thy hand had touched him, the odor of man was upon his body; therefore she licked it to remove the stain from him."

"It would be wiser for us to get down from this tree," I suggested, "and disappear because I am sure the Striped One will look for us here at night. She knows where we have hidden ourselves."

After we climbed down from the tree and had started to walk away, my father said to me, "Touch not, my son! Whatever thou touchest retains the mark and odor of thy hand for many minutes, sometimes for hours, and animals can track a man by the mementos he leaves behind."

Most animals are unwilling to touch anything; whatever they touch keeps a sort of sign or stamp of themselves which gives a lead to their enemies. And what touches them betrays their whereabouts to other animals. Any Jungle creature in passing leaves a trace of himself on the grass and saplings with which he comes in contact, and this is a marked trail for the tiger or leopard. Fortunately for the antelope, he goes so lightly and so swiftly that whatever traces of himself he leaves behind are faint and do not help the tiger, who cannot run as fast as he. There are only two occasions when the deer relaxes his vigilance—and it is on these occasions that he is generally killed. One is when he is drinking. That is why the greater

part of the killing of deer goes on at the drinking places and the other time when he is grazing. The deer has a great fondness for a certain variety of grass which grows in some parts of the jungle, generally where the streams rise. Once in a while, when we were hiding in a tree and watching for a tiger near these places, a buck would come and graze beneath us; at first he would be very alert; with one ear to the windward and one ear in the opposite direction, he would listen and eat. Little by little he would stop listening so carefully and would turn both his ears to windward. Soon he would cease to do even this, and later he would only raise his nose once in a while to smell the air, and if there was no odor to frighten him, he would go on eating, his hunger and the luscious grass making him oblivious to danger. Fairly soon, in the opposite direction from the wind, there would come a tiger, and in one moment would be upon the buck whose back would break like a twig snapped by a child—I could hear it crack!

One day, just after a tiger had killed a buck and eaten a few morsels from his throat and chest, my father went down with his rifle. He stood within a dozen yards of the tiger and clapped his hands. The tiger who hadn't noticed his coming because, like the buck, he was hungry and busy eating, sprang and sat up surprised at the sound of my father's clapping so near him and opened his mouth and howled angrily. My father cried back at him, yelling a war whoop: "Ho-ho! Ho-ho! Ho-ho!" This was an unearthly noise and it silenced the tiger. Every muscle in his body grew still as a stone. That instant I heard the rifle crack. The tiger leaped two feet into the air, then dropped on his back, rolled sideways and lay still. There was no time before the approaching dark to flay both the carcasses, so we chose to save the tiger's skin because it was the more valuable, and we tied the corpse to a rope, then lifted it up to the tree for the night. Battles raged below us until morning among all the small animals over the slain buck. First came

the foxes, then the jackals, and then a couple of hyenas—and so it went on all night, a sordid feasting of greedy creatures.

Very soon after this my father said it was time for me to learn something about elephants. I was delighted for they are the wisest of the jungle beasts.

Elephants, as you know, have no hoofs or claws but their feet are thoroughly padded with a sort of rubber heel of semi-dead flesh. Such a heavy animal as the elephant would break the bones of his feet if he did not have cushions attached to his feet, and his legs would break under his weight. So nature has provided him with this thick, heavy, springy padding. He walks on his rubber heels and not a single nerve in his body is jarred. He is very comfortable, much more comfortable than human beings wearing rubber-heeled shoes.

Now, by putting your ear to the ground, you can tell when a herd of elephants or of buffaloes is in the neighborhood. If the herd

of buffaloes is a very large one, you hear a kind of slashing as if their hoofs were cutting the grass. On the other hand, if a herd of elephants is moving it seems as if a blotter were being pressed on an ink-wet page. When a herd of seventy or eighty elephants passes, you can also tell it by the slight trembling of the earth. This is discernible within a radius of a mile. My father taught me how to discover the whereabouts of elephant herds in this way.

Then one day something strange happened —the first chapter of a new story and the beginning of my greatest adventure. We were listening with our ears to the ground, to the comings and goings of elephants but there seemed to be two herds passing, one coming toward us and the other going away from us. The sounds were confused and we did not know which way to go. Pretty soon we heard the familiar crack! snap! crack! from above. We looked up, and sure enough within a score of yards away we saw the

trunks of elephants pulling at twigs and branches of the trees. Between them and us were no trees large enough to protect us. So we jumped up and stood still. My father said:

"Do not run and do not be afraid. We will find a way out."

Suddenly the bull elephant saw us and with one loud trumpet charged forward. One other elephant followed him.

"Run straight ahead," my father said, "and get behind that first thick tree."

We had not wanted to shoot at first because it is not wise to kill elephants. They are becoming extinct as a species, and since they can be captured and trained as beasts of burden, to kill them is a waste of valuable labor power. Now it was too late to use a rifle. The vast black mass of the elephant was upon us and it seemed to mean certain death. The earth shook under his angry treading. He gained on us as the lightning gains on the wind; we could run no faster

than he. Suddenly from behind him loomed the other elephant, and charging ahead of the bull, turned and stood between him and us, stopping the attack midway. The impact was terrific. We could see the old bull's tusks prodding into the body of the second elephant. It moved him a bit forward but even then the whole herd was blocked, and we had time to run up a very thick tree further ahead and hide ourselves in the branches. There was a great hullabaloo among the crowd of elephants. They resented this young, big bull's interference which saved two men from the herd, for men are ancient enemies of wild elephants. We could see that they were holding a council and going through a debate. And lo, as I watched, I saw that the elephant who had saved our lives had a mark upon his forehead—a familiar mark, and in a flash arose before me the picture of a muddy flat, a little village and a troop of maddened elephants stopped in mid-career by one of the herd. The

miracle had been repeated and surely by the same elephant; but this time the other members of the herd were not frightened and it was to go harder with our deliverer.

"Father," I gasped, "I have seen that elephant before—the one with the mark."

"Hush, my son, I know," said my father. "Watch now, and I will tell thee who he is—perchance a great opportunity is ours. But see now, the herd hesitates," my father continued. "They are not quite sure whether to punish him or not. They do not like the authority of their leader superseded by a young bull. Look! Two elephants are going to beat him!"

I looked, and sure enough, two bulls came up and began butting our rescuer—the elephant with the white mark on his forehead—with their tusks until he was bleeding and exhausted. After this the herd walked off, passing under our tree. Elephants do not see above their heads, so if you can somehow climb high enough, you will be safe because

they will neither see nor smell you. After the herd passed, the young outlaw with his bleeding sides got up and walked on behind them, a sort of outcast dragging his weary way after the respectable members of society.

Then an extraordinary thing happened. As he passed beneath us my father whispered to him, "Kari! Kari!" The elephant pricked up his ears, he listened, he looked around; but as he could not find us, after a moment he walked on.

"What did'st thou say to him?" I asked but my father would not reply. So I asked him again, "What did'st thou say to him, my Father, Worker of Marvels? Can'st thou also charm an elephant?"

My father, as though talking to himself in a dream, murmured, "At last, at last, he is found."

"Who?" I cried, more and more excited and curious.

"Kari, the elephant," he answered at last. "Kari, whom I have not seen for fifteen

years; nay, more, it is twenty years since he went away. Wonder of wonders," he went on. "What God, wishing us well, has brought fortune within our reach?"

"O speak not in riddles; explain to me, Father," I cried, astonished by this extraordinary outburst. At last he seemed to come to himself and remember my existence.

"Once upon a time," he began deliberately, "a boy like you brought up an elephant and this elephant was called Kari. He was the most wonderful elephant—highly gifted and extraordinarily trained. His fame spread far and wide and all predicted for his young owner great reward and glory as the trainer of such a creature. But alas! this wonderful elephant when still very young, was maltreated by meat-eating, wine-drinking people, and in his anger and madness Kari disappeared into the forest. I heard of him in our town. That was years ago before I came to these parts. And now I know him once more by the mark on his forehead. He is a friend

of man. He tried to save us from the attack of his herd, and since the herd did not like it, he was punished. The best thing for us to do is to follow and see where they go. We must not lose sight of them."

I had never seen my father so excited. We followed the herd for the next two or three days, about a mile behind the elephants. The first day during three hours of our march, we could follow the train by the drops of blood on the grass from Kari's body. Later on we had to track them by the usual methods. We watched the twigs of the trees. Where the twigs and branches are broken eight feet above the ground, you may be sure that elephants have eaten. Once in awhile we came to a stream and followed the marks of their feet to the water. We tracked them northwards till they disappeared in the hills and then at last, after many weary weeks of tramping, my father said:

"It is no use; we must give up the hunt for this season. The herd has gone away for

the summer and we shall have to wait until next year when they will return by the same route. Then we shall find Kari the elephant." And with an Oriental's calm acceptance of the mischances of life, he dismissed the subject of Kari from his speech and apparently also from his mind. But I was too young for such control. My imagination had been too much stirred by the sudden appearance of the long-lost elephant and the mysterious promise of fortune which my father had hinted his capture would bring. During the autumn and winter months while my jungle education still continued, I dreamed of the lost elephant, though I kept my thoughts to myself.

By the time I was nearing my early teens, I knew the ways of almost all the animals. My training had been chiefly confined to learning the habits of the creatures who might be dangerous to man because their ways were both more important and more difficult to learn. It was, of course, easy to study the ways of the animals that do not hurt man because one

could get closer to them and know their habits. At the close of this story of my education in jungle ways, I will describe an experience with animals who, like the wild buffaloes, are seldom dangerous to man provided their habits are fully understood. Unless people get in their way and interfere with them, they do not molest human beings. Often I have stood in front of a herd of buffaloes at the drinking place and they have never turned to charge me. But once to my knowledge they did attack a man. Some people, stricken with folly, had come to the jungle to gather specimens for a temple of learning in a far away city; they were Hindus and Englishmen but they all had the ingrained cruelty of collectors. They said they wanted the skins of dead animals to mount and show to the young in order to instruct them in the habits of living animals. We jungle folks thought they were crazy; but the ways of the Learned are terrible and whether they were really crazy I cannot tell

you. One of these people desired the hide of a buffalo. Not being versed in jungle ways, he went out to find a buffalo herd. He came upon a company at their drinking place one day. Apparently they were on the move and about to change their home from one forest to another, and on their way were passing through our jungle. Now buffaloes have certain peculiarities. They walk in a crescent-shaped line—the females and the babies in the middle, the oldest bull in the center of the middle (he is the wise leader), and the other bull buffaloes on the flanks and at the end. The bulls at the end keep watch and after a certain time they are relieved by the bulls next to them inside the line. Whenever they smell danger, the line closes and they join their horns together and wait. After the danger passes they go on moving and the line lengthens itself. Once in a while it so happens that the line grows so long that no two bulls see each other. However, in time of danger the old bull in the center lows and the

line closes in again. Sometimes they come to especially luscious fields of grass and they stop moving and graze in groups of fours and eights which, at the least cry from the leader, can be broken up and remade into the crescent line. Now, this specimen finder—this man from a museum of dead animals—should have known that one must not attack a herd of buffaloes from the front. They should be attacked from the rear for then they run forward and disappear in the jungle. Buffaloes are like cows—they are frightened by what they do not see. It is the invisible that is the cause of fright to most animals, particularly so in the case of buffaloes and cows. Apparently the specimen collector did not know this for all his learning, for as the buffaloes were leaving their drinking place and going toward the jungle, he shot at the leader bull and missed him, but killed the cow next. The old fellow snorted and hoofed the ground twice. This we saw from the tree where we were perched. With one grunt of anger he

charged and the herd charged with him. The man walked backwards and shot and shot and shot. Before he could reach a tree behind which he could hide, the herd was upon him. He had already killed the bull, and the herd, leaderless, angry, and stupidly violent, charged into him and left him dead and pasted to the ground. In all, the man had killed four bulls in the course of two minutes. These were sent back by his men to the temple of learning whence he had come.

This story brings me to the close of the first and probably most important part of my education. I was now to enter what might be called the Jungle College.

CHAPTER VI

HUNTING AND TRAPPING

CHAPTER VI

HUNTING AND TRAPPING

WHEN the spring came I hoped that at last we would go in pursuit of the mysterious elephant. He had begun to represent to me the symbol of my personal good fortune and I could not understand why my father would not, at the earliest moment, take me to find him. But to my repeated questions he gave no answer, until at last he said:

"Art thou a God, then, that thou can'st ripen the fruit upon the branch in a day? Opportunity, snatched too soon, is more unwholesome than a green apple!"

"But Father, how knowest thou that the fruit is green?" I protested.

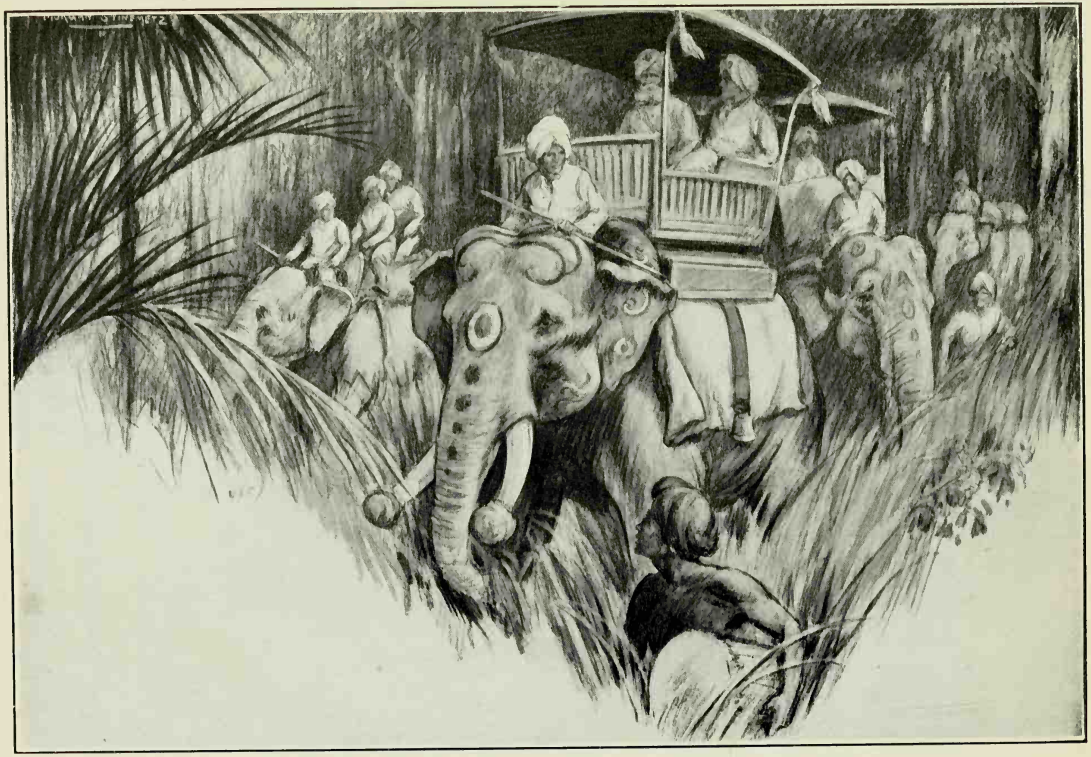
"The hand to grasp it, the head to plan for

it, they at least are unripe!" said my Father with one of his rare laughs.

I knew he meant my hand and my head and I was deeply hurt. "My Father," I cried, "have I not seen eleven summers and more, do I not know all the beasts of the Jungle as a man knows his brother? From the Great Striped One to Keka-Vadi, the Peacock, has any living creature a secret from Hari?" I concluded proudly.

"Nay, Mighty Hunter that thou art," answered my Father kindly, "there is one animal, the most dangerous of all, whom thou knowest as yet only by sight. He is more terrible than the leopard, more greedy than the jackal, wilier than the serpent and more foolish than the monkey! He is man. Patience, patience, thou nurseling, born yesterday. Trust thy Father, and before this summer has passed thou mayest reap thy reward."

From that time I was silent, convinced that my Father had some reason for the new plan



"ALTOGETHER THEY MADE A SPLENDID AND A DAZZLING SPECTACLE"

of life which we now followed. Hitherto we had tracked our own game, selling our skins to the agents who came to us from the city but now we left our old grounds and moved to the eastward where the great markets had grown along the river. There the huge hunting parties entered the jungle and to these people we would act as guides. Soon the fame of our skill was such that the hunting parties were content to have no other guides but us. Most of these hunters were Maharajas and their people, who came on elephants and hunted tigers. They would pour up the river from the east, with splendid outfits, the troups of elephants gorgeously painted on ears and trunks and heads, while the elephants that bore the rajahs were gold-caparisoned and ornamented with pearls. On their necks sat the mahouts, clad in pure white, and behind the mahouts perched the gold houdahs in which the princes rode, magnificently dressed with jewelled turbans. Altogether they made a splendid and a dazzling spectacle

With them would come the troops of half-naked beaters, carrying great drums, whose business it was to spread in couples, fanwise, driving frightened game with terrific noise, upon the waiting hunters.

These people brought to my life a new set of experiences. Hitherto I had been acquainted with village folk and animals. Now came the city people with their strange ways. Human beings with whom I had dealt so far were not as lavish and carefree as the princes that now came to hunt, but the former had a certain native wisdom which the latter totally lacked. It surprised me at first but as time went by I lost all desire to find out why it was so and accepted their ways as unquestioningly as I did those of new animals whose habits I must study.

To the peasant, a wild animal stands as a symbol of life. It may be a friendly animal, it may be a dangerous animal, but just the same the animal means to him an expression of what he himself expresses—life. Owing

to this particular feeling the village folk give endearing names to animals. They called the tiger, the most ferocious of beasts, The Striped Brother, as if in their crude, instinctive, peasant way they realized their kinship to this beast. They call the elephant The Lordly One, and again one feels that the country-bred mind has a better understanding of the world in which he lives. Anyone that knows the elephant will agree that the creature is massive as a bare mountain yet as delicate as an insect and an animal that has both these qualities is an epitome of life. No wonder he is called The Lordly One! Now compare these names with those that the city people gave to animals. They invariably speak of the tiger as "the quarry," a thing to shoot. They call the elephant "the ivory," for the ivory is all that interests them in elephants. The fawn (whose peasant name is The Shy One) "mriga," is to them only a thing to hunt and the very name they give to hunting is "mrigaya," meaning chase.

I found that the difference between the city and the country people was not only a difference of mind; it was also a difference in manners. The country folk seemed to me more natural and more generous; the city folk had more manners but were less generous, yet none of them could surpass the peasants in real consideration. For example: A village bumpkin would not leave a trail of newspapers behind him, or logs still burning where he had camped. There would be no trace of himself in the jungle after he had gone. On the contrary, the other people would leave burning cinders and all kinds of refuse everywhere and in the most dangerous spots. I began to notice something now which I had never noticed before. The animals and men that live with nature cannot afford to be neglectful. On the other hand, people who do not live with nature are slovenly and careless. There is a difference even between the elephants that are tamed and the elephants that are wild. Take, for instance, a dog that

has lived with man. He will not be able to hide his tracks as he goes through the jungle. On the contrary, a dog that lives on the edge of the jungle with the villagers will leave no trace of himself in the forest; you will not be able to follow him by his footprints. He is very careful to eliminate every track as he goes along. Take a cow as another example. She walks through the village at night, goes into people's gardens, making filth everywhere till it does not take a second's vigilance and examination of the tracks to tell which way she has wandered all night long. In fact, a cow is so noisy that she deprives half the neighborhood of its rest. One can tell, even in his sleep, where a cow is. Now compare her with a wild buffalo. Though a bulky beast, sometimes ten feet in length, he goes like an arrow through the air—that is about all the noise he ever makes. He does not nibble the grass too much in any one spot, lest by studying it the hunter track and kill him in his hiding place. He does not

make filth in every place he goes, or does he leave any very distinct marks where he drinks and where he bathes. Even the grass he steps on with his enormous weight does not retain for long the impress of his hoofs. Within several hours of his passing the grass stands erect, obliterating any mark of his presence there. So quiet, so careful and so simple is the going and the coming of the beasts that live with nature and the same is the case with the men who live close to her. Why? Because any traces of themselves that wild beasts may leave as they pass put their very lives in jeopardy. Every instant they are face to face with the primal necessities of life. They do not know from which direction their enemies may pursue them, so they are forced to be careful and alert. Hence they are courteous to their environment. On the other hand, in human society men are comparatively secure from danger, as are the animals that live with them. That results in inattention to the environment in which they

move, as well as a sense of security which numbs half the sensitiveness of their beings. Security breeds slatternliness, while insecurity creates skill, beauty and alertness.

So when the city people came to hunt they brought their tents, they brought their elephants and they brought their drums. The jungle no doúbt has its own noises—bird voices, the occasional roar of a tiger, the bark of the deer, the chatter of the monkeys and the call of the fox. But this drum beating was the worst of all the noises I ever heard in all my life.

Now the method of the hunting of the city people itself was peculiar. They took the least risk with themselves and exposed the animals to the greatest risk possible. That is the nature of all creatures that are afraid. They take advantage of everything, even of the weakness of their victims. Fear destroys all sense of chivalry and decency. So, though we hunted with the city people and helped them, I did not like it.

Every morning they would send us out to track. Sometimes my father and I went for hours at a stretch to find out where the animals had fled. Then we would spend the next six hours in bringing back our news to the camp. Very early in the evening these strange hunters and ourselves would all go to sleep and wake up about four o'clock in the morning. Then we would make a hurried breakfast and start out in the direction where we had found the animals the previous day. The hunters, sometimes twenty in number, rode the elephants, which of course had been denuded of their splendid trappings and carried only straw mattresses for seats. They went one way and we with the beaters and the drums in another. We would go in twos together, a beater and another man, and form a long line of about fifty through the jungle, beating the drums steadily and pressing after the animals. Once in a while we would give a long yell which would be taken up by each of the different groups of beaters until the

very echo shook the jungle with the ghastly sound of the human wail. That also had its effect upon the animals. They would run hither and thither, looking for shelter, and of course they would run away from the direction of the drumming and shrieking by man, not knowing that they were being slowly driven upon the guns of the hunters. The poor creatures thought they were running away from the dreadful noise to safety.

Now and then in course of beating them out of the bushes and hiding places we would run into danger. I remember the following incident very distinctly. I was alone with my fellow beater when we heard a sudden snort very close to us in a tall bush. Our drums stopped as we heard the challenge of this unseen beast. The drummer grew livid and speechless with terror. He looked at me, asking with his eyes what kind of a creature was grunting in the bush.

"It is a bison," I said. "Go on beating the drum."

He beat the drum once more but the sound was drowned by the fierce bellowing of the brute still lingering in his hiding place. The fellow dropped his drum, turned on his heel and ran and there I was left facing a monster of a bison in the heart of the jungle. Very soon after my eyes had become accustomed to the dimness of the bush before me, I could see his angry eyes and long horns. Not a twig moved, not a sapling trembled to give any indication of what he was going to do. I bent over and picked up the drum sticks which the drummer had thrown down on the ground before running away. There was nothing between me and this beast except the drum which was about two and a half feet long. In fact it was much like a barrel lying on its side and one could beat it on either end and make a noise. I knew by the tense silence that had fallen upon us that the bison was watching to see which way I might go and he was also making ready to charge at me and to gore me to death. It was an

intense study in feelings. He was drawing up an estimate of what I felt and what I intended to do, while I was trying to make out his feelings toward me. Apparently both of us were frightened and also both of us knew it. What should we do? He was intent on killing me—I could tell it by the glare of hate in his eye. I had no weapon but a knife. Suddenly I saw him put down his head. In a second he was charging me. I beat on the drum with a terrible bang and he stopped dead in his tracks. Now his head was out of the bush, I could see the mane under his chin and also that if I was to cut with my knife at anything it would be just where the hair began down his throat and that I must do it swiftly. The drum had two ends and was lying with its side toward the bison. What I planned was to nestle at one end while I reached around and beat upon the other, so that he would charge at the end from which the noise came, while I leaped into the bush. What made me think of

attempting such a curious stratagem was the idea that if he plunged his head into the big drum he might be caught there in darkness, for nothing brings an animal to a dead stop so quickly as a sudden plunge into the dark. So I crept close to the ground and beat another roll on the other side of the drum and awaited developments. But the beast would not charge. Evidently he did not like the look of the situation. I saw him raise his head and gaze about. I lay still as a corpse. Nothing moved. He could smell me as I could smell him and I thought that the game was over. I gave myself up as dead; nothing could save me now. But instead of charging into the drum or charging at me he walked quietly over and stood facing the end of the drum which I had struck a moment before. Perhaps after all he had not seen me as I crouched. Then the bison smelled the air and stretched his neck and drew his nose closer. In a flash I knew that he was trying to make out whether it was cowhide on the drum or

human hide that he was smelling. Just as his nose drew closest I beat a terrific roll, this time at the end where I was crouching. The bison jumped backwards and then bounded off and disappeared into the bush again. That did not mean safety for me. I knew the moment I got up to move away he would come out and attack me. There was only one thing to do. I crawled to the drum's middle and from the other side pushed it on end like a barrel, all the time ambushing myself behind it. I felt a strange stir go through the bush which meant that the bison was so frightened that his skin was trembling. I almost felt myself safe again. Just at that instant he gave a terrific bellow and charged. Fortunately I had expected this to happen, so I moved away from the drum and in a second I saw it rolling on the ground and the bison trying his best to put his horns in it. He was butting at the barrel side of it instead of the sides that had the hide; that started it rolling away with the bison in pursuit. I

took my chance and slid into the bush and made for a tree. I could see his sharp hoofs slashing in the grass and the drum rolling on until finally it was stopped by a sapling. The bison paused for a moment, then charged at it from another angle. The cowhide broke with a slight explosive noise and in a minute the bison was frantically running around with the drum on his head. He jumped and skipped madly about, yet he could not shake the thing from his horns. He smashed through the bush again and came and stood right under the branch of the tree where I was hidden. He was hardly a foot below me and I could feel the odor of his hot, pungent breath. There was an instant's pause. Suddenly a devilish thought seized upon me and I reached down and beat upon the drum with my hand. He bellowed furiously and smashed against the tree. The drum went to pieces and along with it one of the horns of the poor beast. Then, still bellowing like a maniac, he disappeared into the bush on the

other side. I got down from my tree and went forward in the direction of the sound of the other beaters, which was faint and yet discernible to ears attuned to echoes and whispers of strange noises.

Very soon after this my father, instead of sending me with the beaters, told me I was to act as guide to a new hunting party through a dangerous and unknown part of the jungle. He himself was to go with their beaters at half-past three the next morning. I did not know whom I was to serve, my father's orders were law, and though I was surprised at the important rôle assigned me, I was no whit dismayed. I accompanied a silent mahout to where by the river was drawn up the most magnificent group of hunters and their elephants that I had ever seen. On the finest beast, gorgeously decked with gold and jewels, sat an imposing and stately figure of a rajah in the full prime of his manhood. He was magnificently built, broad in the shoulders and powerful, but lean,

sinuous as a panther. He wore a blue turban with a great jewel in the center and beneath his eyes blazed no less brilliantly than it but with a certain steadiness which helped to remove some of the awe which his presence imposed.

Catching sight of me as I approached with the mahout, he said:

"Who may this youngster be? There is no place here for babes!"

"O Mighty Protector of Religion," I cried, bowing in the dust, "I have been sent by my Father to guide your Majesty through a dangerous and unknown part of the jungle where tomorrow's hunt will lead."

The Rajah gave a great laugh. "Mighty One, Protector of the Feeble," said he, "go tell thy father to send thee to the country of dwarfs where thou canst kill squirrels!"

"Nay, Vendor of Justice," said the mahout, "this be the son of the great hunter whose fame has reached you and whom you ordered your servant to procure as guides for this

expedition. The Father bade me tell your Highness that the boy knoweth the jungle as the tiger knoweth its lair, and that he himself deems it best to conduct the beaters whose way will be more intricate and dangerous than the route followed by your Highness' elephants. Moreover, he saith the child is small but ready—the largest nut hath not always the soundest kernel."

I swelled with pride at this, the first praise I had ever received from my father, and I looked fearlessly up into the eyes of the now astonished Rajah.

"Well," he said good-humoredly, "marvels never cease; if this indeed be the famous son of a famous father, I am well content to give my elephant so light a burden!"

Bowing to the dust again, I retreated with the beater to the tents where we were to spend the night. There I learned that the Rajah was none other than the mighty Parakram known throughout India, a great king and a man of many exploits. Had my father,

I wondered, withheld the name of my new master, to save me from being overawed at the first encounter? I had heard of the great Parakram from many mouths. The hunters from the city, as well as the country folk, spoke of him with wonder. He was something of an eccentric—not only was he very brave and of unusual personal prowess but he had almost the peasant's feeling towards animals and respect for nature, traits which as I have said, were practically unknown among city-dwellers. Of his great strength there were many tales—a world-famous English general had been his guest, and the story went that the Rajah with his own bare hands had saved the general from being gored to death on a hunting expedition by holding a wild boar until the other had a chance to shoot. But his greatest exploit was yet to come—when he should cross the black water to lead my countrymen to victory in a foreign land.

The next morning, before dawn, as I sat in

front of him on his great elephant, I felt thrilled by my responsibility and all that was expected of me. I was surprised, and perhaps, boylike, a little disappointed to find that the other hunters and their sixteen elephants were not following us. There were only the Rajah, his mahout and myself. Seeing me glance behind, Parakram said:

"I have left the others. They are not to hunt where I hunt. They only massacre animals. . . It is not fair hunting or fine sport," he continued.

"Do not all city folk massacre animals?" said I in surprise.

"No, I do not," he replied gravely.

We went along during the small hours of the night and about six o'clock found ourselves near a little stream which came out of a clearing and went into the jungle. The animals came out on either bank of this stream which was scarcely fifty feet wide, and crossed back and forth, and this coming and going for hundreds of years had created a

clearing, a patch of ground hardly two acres wide, covered with tall grass but no other vegetation. We stood behind a tree so that no animal could see us. Very soon we heard the beating of the drums in the distance and the howl of human beings in between. The first creature to run before us was a boar, whom Rajah Parakram shot without any difficulty. Then passed a big elephant and he did not shoot it. He said to me:

"Elephants are very valuable. It is not wise to shoot them since they can be tamed and made the friends of man. It is cruel to destroy such majestic stature and beauty."

Then came a herd of deer and antelopes. The deer had all kinds of antlers and the antelopes had all sorts of horns. Even these Parakram would not shoot either. He said:

"They are vegetarians like us. We cannot shoot them."

"Then, O Pillar of Truth," I asked, "why did you shoot the boar?"

"The boar is a strange beast. It eats all

kinds of things and what is more, it goes out of its way to kill men. If it hears a man in the jungle, as you know, Little One, it will knife him with its tusks if it can. We shall find worthy game later; the real hunting is done when the day dies and the sun sets."

Suddenly the tall grass on the other side of the stream in front of us moved. Everything throbbed. Parakram leaned forward and reached his hand in front of me, closing his fist which was the sign in jungle language that means tiger. "This man is one of us," I thought for outsiders do not know these symbols. It seemed to me that I saw at a certain distance a mingling of purplish gold and grayish black. Our elephant put his trunk in his mouth. He too knew it was the tiger that had come upon us and the nature of tigers is to attack an elephant's trunk which is the most vital part of his body. It is his hand, his nose and also his drinking tube. Small wonder then that the elephant put his trunk in his mouth and curled it up

like a baby under his chin. But the green grass turned to purple and gold; there stood the tiger looking behind over his shoulder for something and not looking at us. I expected Parakram to shoot but he did not. I watched. Not far behind the tiger the grass moved in a blur of purple, green and gold. The shadows of these three colors played with each other and in a moment a tigress, no doubt the mate of the first tiger, was standing beside him. Suddenly he turned his head around and looked at us. For a minute he could not see anything since the color of the elephant's body and the trunk of the tree behind which we were hiding looked alike. But that was momentary for we soon heard him give a growl of anger. He had not only smelled the presence of the animal on which we sat but he had also taken in the entire situation. With one bound, then another, then another, he crossed through the shallow stream and was upon us like a javelin of gold, black and amethyst, spinning in the air and resting lightly at two points of space. The elephant

trumpeted and stood facing him, this time his trunk uncoiled and raised aloft. Rajah Parakram could not take aim because the elephant was swaying from side to side so rapidly that it was impossible. The mahout put the ankus into the elephant's neck fiercely to make him steady. But at that instant we heard a fierce snarl from behind us, and turning we saw the tigress climbing up on the back of the elephant. We had been so engaged with her mate that we did not see her approach. The elephant swayed more and more in terror. The Rajah said:

"Quick! Get hold of the branch above and climb up that tree!"

This I did for I dared not disobey. Then the Rajah ordered the mahout to do the same but the mahout answered:

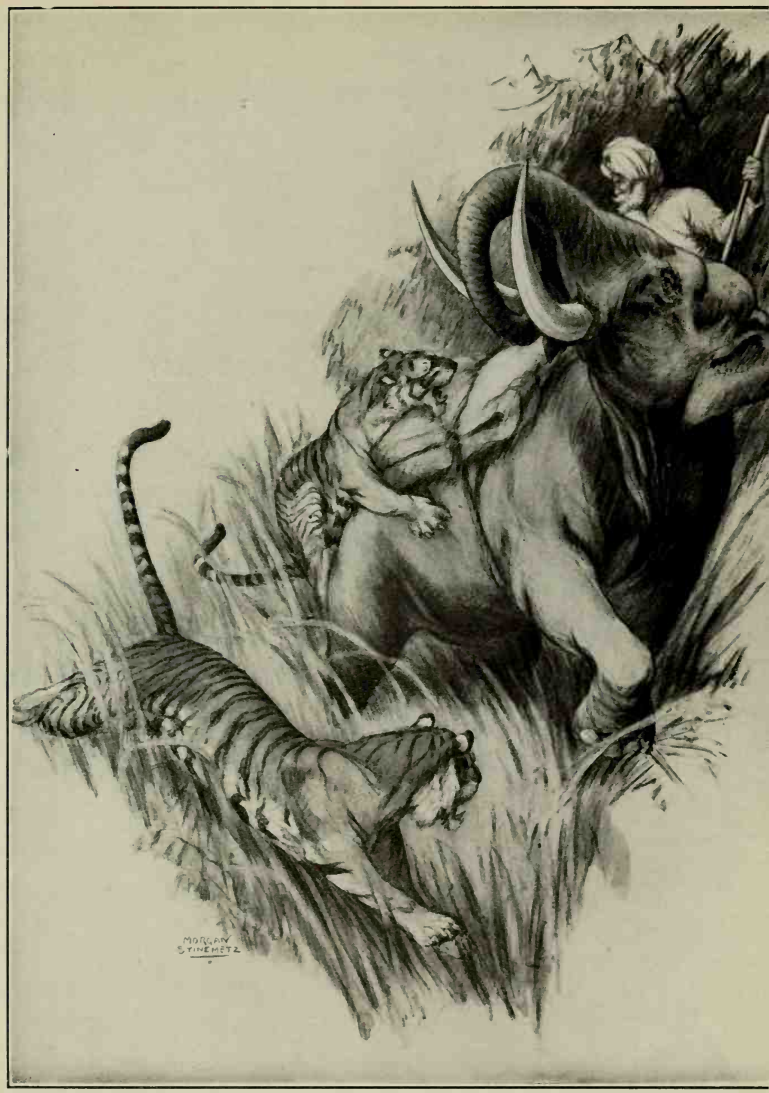
"I have eaten of your bread and I have tasted your salt, O most noble Descendant of the Sun. I shall stay on the elephant's neck though he goes wild and kills me, rather than leave you on his back alone!"

"O! Thou brother of an ass and son of

folly," the Rajah shouted, "climb up into the tree; I shall soon follow. The tigress is upon us. As thou holdest dear my life, do as I bid thee!"

The mahout obeyed and was up in the same tree with me in the twinkling of an eye. All this took a much shorter time to do than to describe. The tigress was still struggling up the back of the swaying elephant while the tiger in front roared at him, ready at any instant to spring. It was a miracle to see the Rajah sitting on the swaying elephant's back and jabbing that ankus into his neck, shouting, "Steady, O elephant. Dost thou not hear thy master's voice? Steady! O pearl amongst elephants, O jewel amongst beasts. Steady, O she-ass!"

While he was shouting, he took up his rifle and aimed as best he could at the climbing tigress, while the tiger still stood facing the elephant and roaring. Suddenly, the unexpected happened: the tigress was within almost a yard of Parakram with her claws



'IT WAS A MIRACLE TO SEE THE RAJAH SITTING ON THE SWAYI
ELEPHANT'S BACK AND JABBING THAT ANKUS INTO HIS NECK'

clinging to the back of the elephant, when her mate gave a strange bark. It sounded partly like a challenge and partly like a croon of affection and it must have been a warning to her against the evident danger from Parakram's pointed rifle, for the tigress bounded off the elephant, fell to the ground and disappeared into the jungle, where the grass and the saplings trembled in gold and green. The tiger also leaped away from the elephant in the direction of the jungle. It was as easy as the flight of an eagle. But he was too late, the Rajah fired. Red drops spurted out into the air, and with a growl of anguish, the tiger fell to the ground. Again the elephant put his trunk in his mouth and reared. The faithful creature was not trying to dislodge Parakram; he reared to face the tigress who had heard the shot and the mortal groan of her mate, and had turned with incredible swiftness to attack. But the elephant did not rear fast enough. She was already climbing up his left flank and I knew from my

experience of tigers, that she was prepared for a mortal combat. She had come to kill the slayer of her mate or be slain by him. The elephant shook and trembled and swayed. The Rajah could not aim again; she gained upon him too rapidly but he dug the ankus into the elephant's neck almost up to the hilt, and the elephant, poor beast, shrieked so terribly that the noise frightened the tigress. She paused and Parakram aimed again. But the now frenzied elephant started forward into the jungle; Parakram drove the ankus once more into his neck, crying, "Halt, thou sow of shame! Are thy bowels of mud and thy tusks of dough?" With a deep groan of pain, the elephant stood still and the tigress clawed at the Rajah, tearing his sleeve. He with a sudden motion thrust his rifle into the creature's yawning jaws. Before he could pull the trigger, she bit it between her teeth and with one of her four paws smote at it until the weapon flew to pieces, as much to the amazement of the tigress as to ourselves.

With a sudden inspiration I snatched my knife from my belt and leaning well forward from the tree branch, hurled it with all the force of my small arm at the tigress. By great good fortune, it buried itself in her eye. With a ghastly howl of pain she bounded back. The elephant crouched on the earth as if he, too, were mortally wounded. Parakram jumped off his neck and stood on the ground before the tigress. He took advantage of her blind eye to dodge her but she crouched and crawled toward him once more. A strange change came over the elephant. Instead of running away as all elephants do when attacked and riderless, he came forward and stood beside his master, trumpeting at the tigress. She leaped upon the elephant but he moved a step backwards, and instead of falling on him the tigress fell to the ground. With a fierce trumpeting the elephant charged upon her. A horrible wail of agony pierced the air and then the elephant darted away into the jungle, leaving the

tigress pasted to the ground. There stood Rajah Parakram mopping his brow with his handkerchief. After we had come down from the tree, he said:

"I owe my life to a boy and an elephant. Thou hast a good aim, Little Hunter, to blind a Tiger from a tree branch; what a hurler of knives! The elephant has—well, the skin of the tigress is ruined for me! It is glued to the ground; we'll never save it." Then he smiled at me. "The tigers came near being better hunters than we were," he said. Then to the mahout, "Go and find the elephant."

Just at this moment we heard grunts across the stream and the beaters' noise grew louder and louder in the distance; Rajah Parakram and I climbed up a tree at once and waited for the animals to go by. They came frightened to the very marrow bone. Leopards, panthers, antelopes, bisons, all sped before us terrified. Very soon the beaters came into sight and the Rajah told them to stop their

fiendish noise. By this time the mahout returned but without the elephant, who had stampeded into the jungle.

Before we started for home, the Rajah asked for my father, who bowed to the earth before him. Parakram said:

"Thy son is worthy."

That was all but it was enough for both my father and for me. I read in his glance that I had "passed with honor."

CHAPTER VII

HUNTING AND TRAPPING CONTINUED

CHAPTER VII

HUNTING AND TRAPPING CONTINUED

THE other hunters who had gone in different directions the day mentioned in the previous chapter, bagged very good game. But then they were hunting in front of a clearing, sixteen elephants standing abreast, and as the animals were driven past by the beaters they shot them one by one. None of them, however, had had adventures anything like ours. Boy-like, I did not keep my pride to myself; neither, in view of what I felt to be my superior judgment, could I refrain from expressing my opinions on hunting with more freedom than discretion. My self-confidence

received a check that evening when my father and I were summoned into the tent of the Rajah and at Parakram's first words my heart sank and my knees shook as they had not done since I had faced my first tiger.

"I hear that thy son disapproves of our hunting," said the Rajah.

"O, most exalted one!" cried my horrified father, "forgive the child's impudence!"

Then, unaccountably the situation changed as I had so often known it to do in the jungle when I had thought the game was lost. The Rajah smiled.

"Nay," he said, "thou father of a wise child, I am inclined to think thy son is in the right. Let us hear him speak for himself. Tell us, Little One, what is thy complaint?"

"Upholder of Truth," I stammered, "may thou live long to protect thy subjects! I think the jungle is being destroyed with so much killing pursued for pleasure and not for a livelihood as my father and I kill."

"Mayst thou live long to grow into a jewel

of righteousness," said Parakram laughing. "Tomorrow I send these people away to hunt no more but thou and thy father shall remain and help me to hunt as I like to hunt, facing the animals squarely and giving them an equal chance to escape and to attack, and if the gods will it so, winning our trophies fairly."

"O, thou pride of truth, O thou man of excellence, O thou king of gods," cried my father in delight, "as your people kill now, it is more like a cruel slaughter than hunting and it pleases my heart that my foolish son has spoken his mind without risking his neck."

"Royalty may be angry but not with a child for telling the truth," rejoined the Rajah. "However, what I wish to ask of thee, is to assist me in trapping a few elephants as well as to find my own friend that stampeded into the jungle today. I was brought up with that elephant—ah, he has been mine for many years. Let us hunt until

we find and trap him for he saved my life today!"

"Is that why he came between you and the tigress?" I asked.

"Aye, O thou questioner without shame, that elephant is my little brother. He was a present to me from a royal father and I brought him up as he brought me up; and today as death was upon me, he risked his life to save mine and though he ran into the jungle he could not have run far; he remembered me as his brother. Help me find him!"

"O Pillar of Truth," replied my Father, "my life and my son's life are thine to command—order, and we obey! I think the chase may be long but if my surmise be a true one, the end of it may reward us more than double for our pains."

"What meanest thou?" said Parakram sharply, quick to sense the hidden implication in my father's words. "Speak!"

"O reader of thought," answered my Father, "I think your elephant has found a

friend—and that friend is Kari, the most famous elephant in India."

"What!" exclaimed the Rajah, rising from his chair in his excitement. "Kari, the elephant? Thou knowest aught of Kari?"

"Aye, we saw him," I burst in, wishing to take part in the excitement which I hardly understood.

The Rajah paced up and down. "Is this a vain boast, or an ill-timed jest?" he said. "How couldst thou have seen Kari?"

"When the humble speak," said my father, "they speak truth. We saw Kari here last year and he saved our lives. I knew him in the old days before his escape, when I lived in far other circumstances than now, and I recognized him by the branded mark between his eyes."

"Where didst thou see Kari? Where didst thou see him?" cried the Rajah impatiently.

"We saw him in this jungle," my father said. "And we followed him day after day until we could go no more. He suffered

chastisement from his brother elephants for having saved our lives from the herd."

The Rajah asked, "Canst thou take me to find him?"

"I can," said my Father, "with thy help, all Powerful!"

"Command all my forces," said Parakram.

"Find and bring me but one man," begged my Father. "Bring me Kari's owner—the man who trained him from boyhood, and the most famous elephant in all India shall belong to man once more!"

Then the Rajah struck a gong in his tent which brought his aide-de-camp, and he said to him, "Go thou and give word to all, that tomorrow we break up camp and return to the city."

"But, your Highness," said the aide-de-camp.

His Highness said, "Go and do as I bid thee. We will slaughter no more animals here!" The aide-de-camp bowed and went forth.

"I shall go to the city," said the Rajah to us. "And I shall return with the brother of Kari. I know him well and he shall be summoned to my side at once. He and I and you two will follow the track till we find Kari—Kari, the great elephant."

In a few moments we heard the elephants outside trumpeting together. It was like ten thousand thunderbolts calling to each other and was the signal of the breaking up of camp and the return of the city folk to their homes on the morrow. As soon as the excitement was over for the time being and my father and I were left to the old quiet for which I yearned, I begged him to explain to me the Rajah's interest in Kari.

"My son," he said, "the name of that elephant spread far and wide. From boyhood the Rajah knew of Kari and tried to buy him, but his master, young Gopal, would never part with him, friend though he was of the Rajah's. The Rajah's own elephant though not so clever as Kari, was a friend

also of Gopal and of Kari, and through many years of friendship the four were bound together. When Kari, absent from his master, was enraged by maltreatment as I have described, and fled to the jungle, rewards were offered for him and the Rajah mourned with his friend for the pride of his province and the wonder of all India."

Within two weeks after the above conversation, the Rajah returned with a retinue of three trappers and Gopal, the master of Kari, who was a young man about twenty-five years old. He seemed deeply stirred at the prospect of recapturing Kari and made my father and me describe minutely all our experiences with his elephant. He told us that the Rajah's messenger had reached him on the eve of his departure from India, which he had thereupon postponed in the hope of seeing his beloved Kari once more. I looked with wonder upon this young man, who in pursuit of knowledge he said, expected to cross the black water and break all the ties

of his youth. What knowledge could he gain beyond the jungle, I thought; and far from India, what would there be except those mysterious museums, where the young learned about animals from looking at their stuffed hides. But these questions were never answered and I soon forgot them in hearing his tales about Kari, and how he had been driven into the jungle by the wanton brutality of meat-eating, wine-drinking men.

It took us only a few days to make our preparations before setting out in quest of the elephants, for we were sure that the Rajah's elephant would be with his old friend. Autumn had come again and the elephants were moving from the north to the south. All we had to do was to go far enough to the north and watch by the gorges of the Brahmaputra, whence the elephants start their journey south. There we planned to wait until we came across the herd of which Kari was, perhaps, the leader, or as we had seen him many, many months before, the outcast.

We had three rifles and about five hundred yards of leather thongs, all carried on the back of an elephant which came from the city with the trappers. Thus we set out for the north.

Within a fortnight, early in September, we reached the gorges of the Brahmaputra. We could see the Himalayan snows in the distance gleaming like the white feet of silence. Below us was the roaring of the Brahmaputra, punctuated by the screaming eagle far away above us. Parakram pointed to him and said, "The eagle is a being of great beauty and suggests many things to the spirit of man. To attain his desire he is able to leave the earth behind him as no other creature can, and no matter how low is his objective, the eagle can fly down to it. To rise above the world in order to see, is what great minds do. That is why, Little One, throughout the ages the eagle has been called the symbol of the soul."

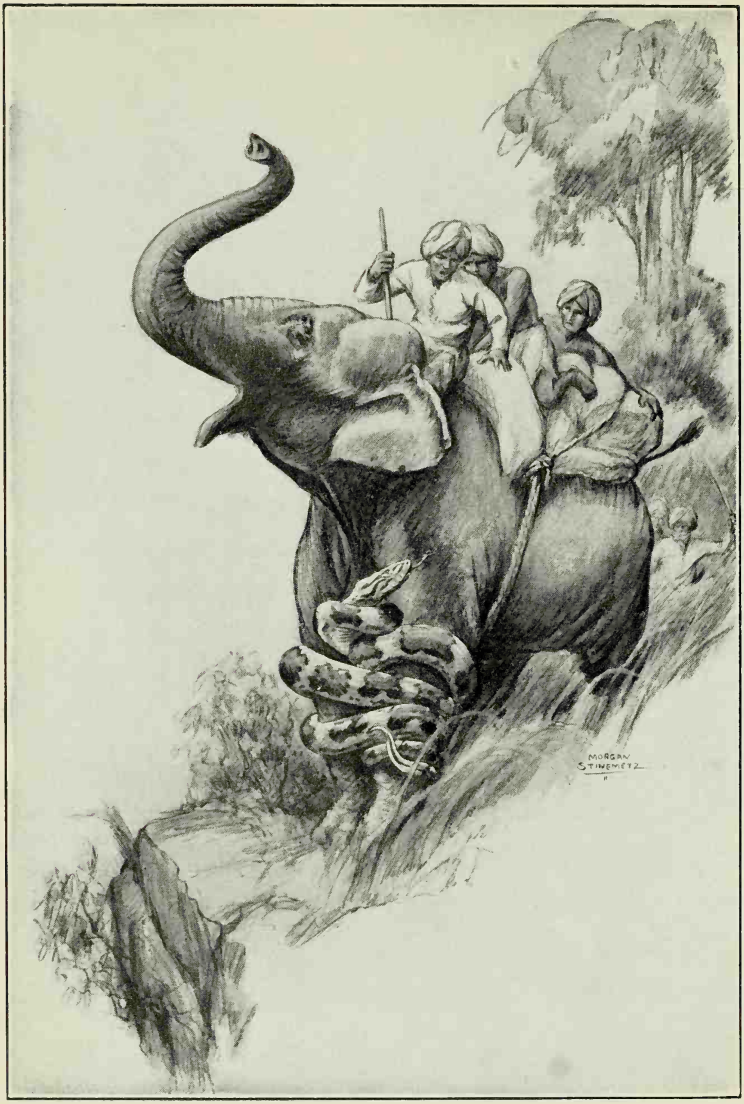
This was, like the bird himself, rather above

my head, but I listened raptly to every word that fell from the Rajah's lips and I would never admit it when I could not understand him.

The night came as if the God of silence had moved down from the hills, drawing the curtain of sanctities over forests and rivers and valleys and through it the roar of the river rose and fell like a sigh. Animals came and went and yet we found no trace of elephants. The Rajah began to worry. He thought that the elephants would never come that way. Yet my father tenaciously held to his belief that if they came at all, this and no other would be their route.

In the course of our search we experienced an adventure with a python. It was during the march one afternoon when three of our party were on the elephant and the rest of us were walking—I amongst them—behind. It was wiser to let the elephant go ahead because he knew the road by his animal instinct, and what is more, his presence kept other creatures

at bay. It was about four o'clock that day when we came to a halt and rested for a few minutes. Then we started on and those of us who were on foot lingered a while as the elephant sped ahead, but it would not take us long to catch up with him, for it was an uphill path that we were taking and the elephant could not make much speed. The forest growth was not thick and we could see his rear just ahead of us, until he capped the hill and disappeared from our sight, and since the darkness was coming on apace we hastened our footsteps; but hardly had we gone a half dozen steps when we heard a shrill trumpeting which meant the elephant was in danger. We hurried after him and beheld this sight! A huge python had coiled itself about the front legs of the poor beast, and was trying to crawl up his back to reach the men. There seemed no escape for them for even if they swung themselves into a tree, the python could climb trees more swiftly, and as they were on the brink of the



"HE COULD NOT MOVE HIS LEGS, THEY WERE SO CHAINED BY THE SERPENT'S BODY"

steep gorge through which the river ran with great swiftness, escape seemed impossible. No one attempted to shoot the snake because his head was too close to the body of the elephant. It might seem that the elephant could put his trunk around the python's neck and squeeze him to death but that was impossible. The body of a serpent of this kind is much stronger than the trunk of the strongest elephant; and he knew this, otherwise he would not have raised his trunk as high as he could and shaken the forest with his trumpeting. He could not even move his legs, they were so chained by the serpent's body. No doubt he tried and as he did so the snake's body would sometimes thin down to almost two inches in diameter and then, like a stretched hawser, held taut. My father who was with me, cried,

"Dash in front—make the python attack us!"

He expected the elephant to stamp on the snake once his legs were free. The elephant's

legs were being so squeezed that the circulation of his blood would soon stop. Shortly he would drop to the ground.

We ran to the back of the elephant—we could not go to the front; the road was blocked—and shouted and beat the ground with our sticks. The python looked at us and then began to uncoil himself from the elephant's front legs and coil himself around one of the hind ones. I put out my stick and the snake grabbed it in his jaws but he did not let go. I heard all kinds of shouts of advice from those on the elephant's back. But I decided to act independently. I saw the elephant was bending forward. His front legs were giving way. He bent more and more forward, slowly as mountains fall in a dream, first leaning over a little, then a little more and then a little more—I pulled out my bow and arrow, aimed at the snake's head and fired. The arrow missed the snake and scratched the elephant's leg. The python opened his mouth and the stick fell from it.

That instant I fired another arrow and it disappeared into his gullet. With one fierce swish of its tail it uncoiled from the elephant's legs and started at us. Its tail rose like a thick whip cutting the air and my father fired and the python's body collapsed on the ground; that instant the elephant stepped on it. The snake's back broke under the weight as a nut is broken in the hands of a monkey.

That night we tethered the elephant to a very heavy tree further on, made a fire and watched. We had reached the country of pythons, very dangerous—one couldn't be too careful. Toward midnight the elephant trumpeted and gave a call. Everyone stood on his feet. It was neither the call of danger nor the call of friendship; it was more than that; it was the call of the elephant to the herd telling them, "Do not come here! Here is man!"

We gazed down into the darkness following the sound of the river and making our way

as best we could, we soon came to the tip of a rock overlooking the gorge along which the elephant tracks ran, and there below us we saw, rather we thought we saw, an army of silence moving and I knew it was the passing of the elephant herd. We followed them until morning. How we did it I cannot tell. When daylight came we could see that none of these elephants looked like Kari, so we let them go. Day after day herds of elephants passed and it was well nigh the middle of October when we decided to give it all up and go home. Kari was not to be found anywhere.

Terribly disappointed, we started downstream, following the elephant tracks. Pretty soon we were out of the python infested forest and in a more kindly part of the jungle. We came across a fine clearing and decided to trap a few wild elephants, so we built a gigantic structure like a fence, of all kinds of trees bearing luscious twigs that elephants feed upon, and between them we

set the traps which were nothing but lassos lying among the leaves with nooses ready to catch in an elephant's leg. About fifty yards away we tied the ends of these nooses to thick trees. Days passed and toward the middle of November a herd of elephants was sighted. They came early in the morning, black like ebony and silent like clouds passing in the air. The ground throbbed under their weight. This time we took good care to send away our one elephant for had he been present he would have trumpeted to the wild ones and given away the whole show. Soon they came upon the trees that we had arranged and between which lay the traps. First the big male, then the little ones, then the females, and then again a male. The elephants began to eat the young branches, first reaching out their trunks without stepping in the traps but soon they came closer and closer and we, who were standing near the ends of the traps where they were fastened to trees, in order to pull them in if necessary, were so still that

we could hear the drumming of our hearts against our sides. Suddenly a piercing trumpeting arose, startling the whole herd into absolute stillness. Not one of them made a sound. Their bodies touched one another as they pulled back and I could feel the thud of thick hides rubbing against each other. They trumpeted as if the herd was pierced through by a bullet; and from their midst emerged an elephant with a mark on his forehead.

"That is Kari," my father whispered. He was standing beside me and Gopal, Kari's master. Apparently my father was right.

"See," he continued, looking at Gopal. "He is an outlaw yet; that is why he has been travelling in the rear of the herd. What is he up to?"

The Rajah had seen him too, although he was not so near, and he signalled to us his recognition. My father, Gopal and I quickly climbed a tree and from there watched Kari's doings. He swiftly pushed back every ele-

phant from the trees between which we had set the traps. The old bull was raising his trunk to break down a branch to eat, and Kari raised his and hit it so hard that the trunk came down instantly. With an angry grunt the master of the herd drew back and made ready his tusks to charge at Kari. The latter squealed gently as if to say, "Don't you see there are traps here?" The old bull in turn trumpeted loudly and the whole herd moved back as if a black cloud had been pushed by a steady wind. Then Kari walked to the trees, pulled up this one, ate a twig from that one, broke another, but without moving forward near the traps. The herd pressed forward. Kari shrilly trumpeted in anger but they moved on just the same. Kari trumpeted again but it had no effect on the leading bull. It seemed that the fellow's pride had been hurt. He did not like to see this young outlaw bully the herd so he angrily stepped forward despite the warning trumpeting of Kari, and the noose slipped round his foot

and caught him as a noose of thread catches the finger of a playful child. The old bull fiercely trumpeted; then Kari looked at him almost with a smile. The rest of the herd ran away. There was the bull, an elephant about a hundred years old with tusks almost seven feet long, and he was trumpeting his head off crying for help. We did not come down from our tree for fear he would charge at us—he was caught only by one leg. Strange to say, Kari walked toward us. He was following up the end of the thong which was tied round the thick tree in which we had taken shelter. No sooner had he reached it than his old master at a sign from my father, jumped down from his branch and landed on his neck. Kari was startled. He almost bucked but something restrained him. We heard his master's voice saying to him in a curious pleading tone.

"My brother, my brother, I have found thee at last. O! Kari, O! Kari, my elephant."

Kari stopped. A shiver went through his

body as if an ague had seized him. In the distance the big bull was yet trumpeting and Kari's master said to us:

"Come down from the tree. We are safe."

But when we climbed down Kari took fright and bolted, carrying his master with him. In an instant the jungle had swallowed them both. We did not know what to do but my father and Parakram decided that we must remain where we were, camping by the wild bull elephant for several weeks until he should be tamed. It would be impossible to move the mighty creature before he had been subdued by captivity and also there was some hope that Gopal, gaining control of Kari, might return to us here.

A day or two later we were surprised to see the Rajah's elephant walk quietly into our midst. Whether he had ever seen Kari or not, we did not know but we surmised that he had followed him at the end of the herd and had stayed about after the capture, more drawn by the thought of returning to his

master than of following Kari back into freedom. We waited for a week without any news from Kari and his master. Then another week passed but still there was no news from them. Rajah Parakram said:

"The elephant has killed him. What a calamity!"

"It was my fault, your highness," said my father. "But for me, it would not have happened."

"What are we to do?" asked the Rajah.

"Nothing, O my king," said my father. "There is nothing we can do. If he does not return in another week, we must take the wild elephant with us and go back to civilization."

We were silent for we knew this meant in all probability that our friend was dead. Evening came. The moon rose. In the distance the beasts of the jungle went to and fro. Near midnight I alone kept watch, sitting by the fire. Everybody else was asleep in his tent. Suddenly a shadow fell near me.

I was almost petrified with terror but from above the shadow a whisper reached me:

"It is Kari and I, O little friend."

I felt as though I were dreaming and I thought I was listening to the voice of the dead but, God be thanked! it was not a dream but the truth. I heard the Rajah's elephant trumpet with joy, and it was Gopal's own voice that continued:

"We have come near every night and I have tried my best to attract your attention but Kari is so suspicious of men that I could not make him stay long near your camp. To-night, however, he has consented to come and stay!"

I called my father and the Rajah, who came out of their tents, and we had a long converse. But first we gave poor Gopal food who had been living on jungle fruit and nuts ever since he had left us. We begged him to leave the elephant but he would not, saying, "Kari may take fright at any moment and return to the jungle and the only thing that

holds him to civilization is the bond of his affection which has survived everything. If I desert him nothing will bring him back. Is it not so, Breaker of my Heart," he said to the elephant, who trumpeted softly like one who asks forgiveness for what he cannot help.

"It was only tonight," continued Gopal, "that he consented to remain and let me make our presence known to you. Nothing but my love for him binds his wild heart to my wish. Pearl of Elephants," he went on in that curious pleading drawl he reserved for Kari, "never shalt thou regret thy submission in this one matter."

Kari had grown bigger since the old days, the Rajah said. He was ten feet tall and his tusks measured three. His skin gleamed with a black sheen. Sure enough, just as the day began to break, he fretted for a while and again charged into the jungle and disappeared with his master. But this time Gopal had food with him and my Father said, "He will return." "As long as Gopal stays with

him," he continued, "the noose of his affection will pull tighter about Kari's heart and irresistibly he will be drawn back." It was true but altogether it took five weeks for Kari to become accustomed to camp. At last he stayed one day and one night through. After that he gave no trouble.

In the meantime the old fellow was starving in his noose but nobody could go near him. He had eaten up everything in sight and now was starving royally. The moment he saw a human being he charged to the length of his rope. We had caught him in another lasso and tied the same leg twice over to a tree. He was secure no doubt. All we could do for a while was to ride around him with our tame elephants but we could not go very near. Now and then we would throw at him a bunch of bananas weighing about ten pounds. He would get nothing more for two days at a time. Apparently this impressed on his mind the fact that man was his friend because he gave him food. Pretty soon we

would leave him ten pounds a day and each time we drew a little nearer. One day I was so close to him that the beast could have stepped on me but he did nothing to injure me. The following day my Father made bold and touched the elephant's trunk. The old bull did not hurt him. After Kari's return we tied them together very loosely by their necks and started toward civilization. As we came nearer and nearer the edge of the jungle, the two wild animals began to fret. Kari did not like it and the old bull began to show intimations of anger and hate. At night they were picketed separately and once when everybody was asleep we heard a terrible trumpeting in the dark. We all got up and lighted our torches but before we had finished we saw the wild elephant charging at one of the tents. The old bull killed one of the two trappers who were sleeping there and ripped up the whole place as the gale rips up a cloud. That instant we could see in the dark by the light of our torch that Kari had

come from nowhere and was upon him. No matter which way the old bull elephant started to go Kari would stand in front of him and each time Kari received the charge of his tusks on his own flanks. We brought out the old, tame elephant but it was no good. All he could do was to stand between us and the bull but he did not do anything to help Kari fight him. The Rajah said:

"Let us shoot him to death."

"Do not shoot him," cried Gopal. "I am sure Kari can conquer him and then there will be no danger of Kari's returning to the herd, for by beating the bull Kari will put himself beyond the pale of elephant society and he will have to become reconciled to humanity!"

So we let the fight go on; it grew more and more intense. The elephants butted against each other. Tusks crashed in the night and with their trunks the elephants tried to choke each other, but it turned out very soon that Kari was no match for the old fellow, whose

tusks were larger and whose strength was greater than Kari's. But he did not have Kari's agility nor his intelligence. Kari was pressed harder and harder till finally he put his back against a tree. Every time the old elephant butted him the tree shook almost like a blade of grass in the wind but Kari would have a moment in which to rest. It was the old bull after all, who gave out. With unheard-of fierceness he put his head down and went for Kari's chest but he missed his charge. Instead of piercing Kari with his tusk, one of Kari's tusks stuck in the mouth of the bull. Then they began to spin around in a circle. The entire ground seemed to rock under their feet. The moon set. The day broke. And the old elephant bled more and more profusely yet he could not do anything to shake off Kari's tusk sticking into his mouth. Suddenly Kari shook his head violently and slashed open the left side of the old elephant's mouth, and with the deftness of a fencer, at almost the same time he stuck

his tusk under the chin of the old fellow. The shock of it was so great that the bull fell, literally pounding the ground. It sounded like the beat of a great drum resounding through the whole earth. Kari bent his front legs and butted and butted again until the old fellow's throat was lacerated. He could breathe no more. With a snarl of anger Kari stood up, trumpeted at us and plunged into the jungle. When we reached the old elephant his two eyes were lusterless as stone. His legs were stiff. Vultures began to whirr in the air which was the sure sign of death. We started to saw off his tusks. They measured seven feet in length.

We waited a whole week for Kari to come back. The sight of blood enrages an elephant so that he does not like to stay near it. He goes away as if to purify himself from the hate and the fear that has soiled him during a fight, but once his feelings are calmed and his self-respect restored, then, if he is able to remember, he comes back by the same path

that drew him away and turns into a docile elephant once more.

About ten days we waited; and then we started for home. It was near the end of our journey when one afternoon we saw Kari coming toward us, it seemed from nowhere. Only those who know the soul of the animal can tell how it was that he found us. Kari went straight to his master and put his trunk around him. I thought he was going to kill him, but no, it was because he was glad to have found his master.

At the end of our journey the Rajah and Gopal had a consultation with my Father. They wished to leave Kari with us for a time and Gopal called out to the now perfectly subdued elephant and said to him:

"O Lord of the Jungle and Pearl among Elephants, this is the parting of the ways. Wilt thou return to the market place or is it thy will to remain near the jungle for yet a space with thy new friends, the great hunter and his son, gradually accustoming thyself to

the ways of men; what is thy wish, Lordly One?"

Kari bowed before his master and Gopal led him to us.

"He has consented to stay," he said, "and he will keep his promise."

In the next chapter I shall tell you about my life with Kari, which was filled with romance and with beauty.

CHAPTER VIII

KARI, BETWIXT CITY AND COUNTRY

CHAPTER VIII

KARI, BETWIXT CITY AND COUNTRY

MY father and I spent the most wonderful time of our life with Kari. He would carry us on his back into the very deepest and most secret recesses of the jungle where the mysteries of its life are profound and inscrutable to men. In the deeper passes where the air is tranquil, where the winds cannot penetrate to trouble the lower regions of jungle growth, amazing things happen. One of these places which Kari apparently knew well, is in the thickest part of the forest, so dense that no trees ever grow large there; through it a rivulet runs zigzag for many miles which, though it is

hardly two feet deep or ten yards wide, few animals dare ford. They drink from it and wade into it but except for the elephants with their cloud-like, silent movements, none cross it. The place is so mysteriously still and so hung about with echoes that the slightest sound seems to reverberate there with tongues of brass. If a drop of water splashes, it is heard against the sky as if the heavens were nothing but an emerald sounding-board. Except for the echoes there are only the shadows of sound, so delicate that they are almost imperceptible to human ears. But every creature who does not eat flesh, every stag, every bison and every wild ox, listens always in that place for two things at once, the shattering echoes and the faint noise that gave them birth.

Kari brought us here about six o'clock in the morning. The giants of daylight were abroad; each plant reached to the sun for light and life. I saw Mushik Nava, the musk deer —the shyest animal in the jungle, who carries

musk under his chest which is so penetrating that at certain times he is easily tracked by his enemies by the perfume which he exudes. The musk within him was not yet ripe; and there he was, drinking from the rivulet. Suddenly his foot slipped and the water made a distinct splashing noise. Instantly I saw his two ears bend in different directions. Then Kari on whose back I was sitting, did the same thing; he listened in two directions at once and I knew that they were both watching for the sound and its echo. In a moment the gold-brown body dripping with morning dew disappeared. I could not find anywhere the slightest trace of the fawn that a moment before had been drinking under my eyes. The elephant shivered and moved a degree forward. A twig broke and across the rivulet I heard the sound of it echoing distinctly. Hardly had that died away when just where the fawn had been drinking there appeared a mass of black shadows. I looked intently—the shadows moved. The elephant

grunted and from the shadows came a growl —and behold!—a black panther! He had heard the echo of the fawn's movement in the water and had come to the spot almost instantaneously. The grunt of the elephant startled the panther whose growl of surprise the sounding board of the sky threw about in all directions. It was a warning, no doubt, to every animal of the panther's presence. Kari had become a friend and protector of the helpless for his grunt was no challenge to the panther; he frightened the fellow in order to give the shy fawn a better chance to escape. Apparently the panther realized that his prey had completely escaped him, so he softly crouched near the water and very slowly took a drink. Hardly had I seen his red tongue touch the shining water, when behold! the spot where he had been was empty! Even he, the beast of prey, slipped away like a shade through shadows, noiselessly. In this place sound drips, flows, rushes, flies, falls and sinks into silence, and by each of these charac-

teristics can you tell who or what has caused it.

For a long time we sat in dreaming silence, then I became slowly conscious that more water was moving over the rocks far away—we heard no snap, no crack of branch or rustle of saplings in the undergrowth, and yet in the twinkling of an eye an elephant herd of twenty stood on the other bank of the river and took a drink. First one elephant put his trunk down into the water, filled it full and drank, and then paused. After he put his trunk down into the water a second time the next elephant started to drink, then the next, the next and the next, until the last one took his drink and paused a moment. Each elephant drank quietly and yet paused a moment afterward to find out if he had broken the silence.. All of a sudden their ebony bodies slunk away. Again we heard for a moment or two something like the very gentle murmur of water over rocks which was echoed far away and by the time the echo had died down

the elephants were gone beyond discovery. I noticed that the elephants also, when they drank, listened to sounds and echoes for each one cocked his ears in opposite directions at once.

Suddenly in this hushed place we heard grunts and by the breaking trees we knew someone was coming who did not care whether he made a noise or not or whom or what he trampled upon as he passed. Kari put his trunk into his mouth and I waited breathlessly, watching for the new arrival. After a long and varied succession of sounds preceding him that thundered like bombs falling in a house of glass, appeared a rhinoceros. He not only drank the water from the river but he forded it. He was sure nobody would attack him and he did not care how many people knew where or what he was. Being noisy and thick-skinned has made a fool of the rhinoceros. I have known people who have killed him from the grass by driving a poisoned spear into his belly. Now I could

tell by the noise and the swagger of this fellow coming along that it would be very easy to kill him.

After the rhinoceros came the birds to drink. It was nearly midday and they wished to drink before their noonday nap. The doves, the hawks, the woodpecker came and went very silently. But there were some who did not come silently; they were the peacocks. They made a great deal of racket, splitting the ear drums in that still place. They stood in a long line as they drank and then walked up and down in grand processions and talked a great deal to each other. My father whispered to me:

"Let us frighten these fellows."

So both of us suddenly gave the peacock cry—the cry of danger. Our voices rose in crescendos of terror:

"Ke-Ka! Ke-ka! Ke-Ka!"

You ought to have seen them fly from the river banks to the tree-tops! It is very seldom that one sees a peacock fly but these

leaped up almost fifteen feet from the ground to the branches and as they heard the echo of our cry from distance to distance, they leaped again until almost all of them were standing on the very tips, as it were, of the trees. They took their departure more quietly than they had come—in fact, they went without making a single sound.

In the jungle there are more birds than one can begin to tell about. There are the parakeets, brilliantly colored fellows crossing the sky every now and then, the kites, who live by feeding on carrion, and the night birds that sing to the moon and the stars. There is the dawn bird that announces the sunrise, and the bulbuls that sing all day and sometimes at night and there are in the jungle a variety of birds as well as flowers for which there are no names in English. There is a queer class of blackbirds who do not sing but make a terrible, screeching noise in the daytime whenever they see a tiger or a leopard or a panther, so these members of the cat family

have to go very stealthily through the jungle, especially in the part I have been describing. We could hear the echo of a blackbird's voice from miles around giving the whereabouts of a tiger or a leopard. The leopards often climb and live in trees and no doubt they disturb the poor birds in their very nests. The blackbirds take their revenge by shouting after them when they pass their trees and that tells the whole jungle where the leopard is prowling about for his prey. And yet even these birds with all their power to see and to know, often fail to discover a tiger's coming. The cat-creatures driven by the necessity for concealment, move so stealthily and so close to the ground that under the thick vegetation no bird can see them. But one discovers at every turn that Nature has marked out the beast of prey from the preyed upon, to the advantage of the latter. The odor as well as the movement of their bodies, gives away the tigers' whereabouts; also the foxes at night and the blackbirds by day can betray them to

the entire jungle. This is Nature's revenge upon the carnivorous animals.

Now, Kari wanted to take a bath. You see, during all these years in the jungle he had acquired the habit of taking a bath by himself and so he would never allow us to give him one, though all tamed elephants are bathed by their keepers just as horses are curried. So he went, leaving us on the branch of a tree. First of all he took a drink. Then he stepped noiselessly into the water. Then he lay down in it, rolled in it, rubbed his sides on the pebbles and yet there was no sound. Then he sat up on his haunches, balancing himself by putting out his hind legs like two crutches, and filled his trunk with water, snorting it out all over himself like a shower—and there was not a sound except the whisper of water as it rolled off his back and into the rivulet. Again we heard a snort, snort, snort—and then snap, snap, snap! Kari dashed out of the water and came under the tree where we were hiding. Lo and be-

hold, it was Mrs. Rhinoceros coming to take a bath! Her husband had preceded her and now here she was with one adorable youngster. She was about sixteen years old, I think, and the youngster out of his second year. Mother Rhino gave her baby exactly the sort of bath that a human mother gives to a child. She shoved him into the water; pushed him over the pebbles which rubbed his skin on both sides; then she made him lie on his back, almost drowning him, and stand on his legs to let the water run under him. She performed her own ablutions next and then they both went off.

After that, Kari went in search of food, where, we did not know. We were sitting on a branch perfectly quiet, planning how to trap the bull rhinoceros alive for the Rajah had enjoined us to capture one for his Zoological Park. While we were conversing in the lowest tones, softly like the yawn of a child, an enormous black body moved under us. It was an elephant. It had no tusks so

we knew it was a female; and since she was a wild elephant, we did not stir but watched her doings. She went into the river, took her bath and then came out under our tree, put up her trunk and pulled down a heavy branch to rub herself with the leaves of it as you and I rub ourselves with a bath towel. Yet there was no sound except the murmur of the leaves like the faint stirring of a breeze. After that was done she stood still and waited, so we had to wait also. It seemed she would never go. Presently came Kari. The two elephants rushed to each other and entwined their trunks. Kari had brought a bunch of very luscious twigs. Swiftly he thrust them into her mouth and gently pulled her by the trunk as if to say, "There are people watching us. Let us go away and have a talk in private." They were gone just as silently as they had come. My father said:

"We had better get down and walk home."

"It is two miles," I said. "How can we walk that distance before the sun goes down?"

"But we must not stay here through the night. Strange things happen here, things that never happen elsewhere!"

Hardly had we descended when we heard peculiar echoes in the grass all around us. We could hear sounds of leaping in and through it from different directions and we seemed to feel that something was crouching in the distance to leap at us. We heard and felt what we had never heard and felt before. Do you know why? No man had come to this part of the jungle before. As long as we were on the elephant's back or on the tree the odors of our bodies had gone up, our presence was unknown. But now it was evident that Man had come, who among the jungle folk is considered worse than the tiger. Very soon we heard a wail which clanged and banged on every side of the sky till the echoes were a thousand-fold. My father said:

"It is no use. We must return to our tree and stay there until Kari comes back."

Just as we had begun to climb we heard, or

rather felt, a rustling movement. It came like a plant shooting out of the ground suddenly. The tiger, frightened and angry, was upon us. Just then Kari appeared—Kari, who had not forgotten us for his new friend! The tiger growled at him as if to say, "So you have brought Man here. I don't like it!"

The elephant raised his trunk aloft, replying, "Yes, here they are on that tree but it is none of your business."

The tiger snarled, which meant, "Your friends?"

The elephant pulled down a branch of the tree, saying, "Yes. You had better escape."

The tiger disappeared more stealthily than he had come. Kari trumpeted at us and we came down onto his back and off he went carrying us back to the village whence we had come.

The next day we took Kari to the city. He proved a difficult companion there. He did not like human beings; he did not like the noise of the place, nor even his friend Gopal,

who came to greet him. He gave Kari bananas, rice, nuts, all kinds of delicacies to eat but Kari lifted his trunk as if to say, "I don't care for these things. I don't like the look of this place. Will you come to the jungle with me or shall I go back alone?"

We made arrangements for catching the rhinoceros and prepared to start back in a couple of days with the materials for an enormous cage trap.

The Rajah announced to the city that a jungle elephant had arrived whom everyone used to know but that he must not be disturbed but left to come and go as he pleased, while we completed our arrangements for the trapping of the rhinoceros.

I must say I did not like the city myself and yet it pleased me to find out that it was possible for so many people to live together so closely without killing each other. The city people are very careless and very dirty. Unlike animals, they have no sense of personal cleanliness. They do not eliminate odor

and sounds as do animals in the jungle. They could not go half an inch in a jungle without being killed by somebody.

While in the city I went to a theatre one night. The play was about somebody who stole money and somebody else who found him out. Now, can you tell me this: why should money be stolen and if a man does steal it, why should he be found out? Look at the jungle. No animal is robbed because no animal hoards anything there except wee creatures who are crazy in a certain way like the bee, and he because he has more honey than he can use, is always robbed by the bear. Men are like ants who build their houses more beautifully and carefully than the city people but the bear comes and destroys the ant-hills and eats the ants. Now, what is the sense of it? It looked to me as if people were always saving money in order to be robbed. I could not understand at all the play I saw. I did not like it. They told me it was very dramatic. Well, it seemed dramatic to them

but not to me. I will tell you what seems dramatic to me. Imagine to yourself the sunset in the jungle. The red-gold light vibrates over green walls of stillness; upon those walls the many colored birds sing and croon. Suddenly the stillness from the trees rises like incense to the sky and hushes the bird voices. Down below in the grass for miles and miles, the insect voices like tongues of flame, color the space. The booming insect utterance reaches such a point of aching music that at last it stops—the stillness has fallen from the green walls and dripped through the roots of the trees into the very heart of the earth. Nothing moves. A quake, a hush, possesses the jungle. Stillness marches from end to end till you feel that the very earth will crack and silence will leap out as monsters leap at you in the dark. Suddenly there is a movement. You see it, or you imagine you see it. You hear it, no, you imagine you hear it. The movement increases. You are held before it as if pythons

of silence had coiled around you freezing you to stone. Then a whisper and it is before you—the pair of agate eyes, the large yellow face scarred with black! The darkness descends rapidly. Deep tenseness seizes the jungle. The tiger has come out of his lair. He gives a fierce yell. The jungle grows more tense. Then he moves and as he moves the tenseness relaxes, the insects begin to sing once more. Everything above on the tree-tops has fallen asleep: birds and beasts sleep in the jungle the very instant they shut their eyes—they are not like city people, who toss in their beds hours before sleep comes to them. The moon appears, silver and soft like the very face of wonder, while the tiger moves on through the jungle and the noises of the night become louder and louder. Curious eyes emerge, a very mine of gleaming gems. This is what I call drama, this theatre of nature, where no one hoards for someone else to steal.

I could not stand the city and rejoiced

when we returned to the jungle in order to trap the rhinoceros for the Rajah Parakram. Gopal came with us. He was soon to leave India and he wished to have one last hunt with Kari. We had a gigantic cage of iron built with materials which the Rajah's elephants hauled as near to the haunt of the rhinoceros as it was possible to come. It took nearly a fortnight to build and when it was finished we covered it all up with vines and leaves and trees. We began work at midday and stopped before three o'clock, so that though the animals knew that man came and went there, they also knew that he did not remain long at a time. Kari's master was with us as I have said. Soon the trap was ready and inside we put the most luscious twigs, especially tempting to the rhinoceros. Two or three days passed and nothing happened. We stayed up the tree until I lost track of time. Kari came and went as he liked; no one disturbed him. Once Gopal went with him and when he returned he told

of experiences more wonderful than our own. But we were intent upon catching this rhinoceros and would not listen. One night, when we had waited more than a week for the rhinoceros, toward dawn we heard a fierce noise, a bellowing and barking sound. We knew at once that he was caught in the trap. When the day broke after the green and silver stream of dawn from which emerged slowly the shapes and forms of life, we saw that in truth the iron cage held the rhinoceros and that under the tree was standing Kari. The rhinoceros was charging from one side to another, and finding himself stopped at every turn, he stamped his hoofs and snorted fiercely. In great jubilation we climbed down from the tree and watched our captive. He was ten feet long, one might guess, and about four feet and seven inches high—an enormous fellow. There was hardly room enough in the cage for him to turn around. He was more infuriated when he saw us. He stamped and threw himself against the bars with all his

might. The cage trembled, the vines and leaves fell away from it and it stood half naked facing the jungle. The birds in the trees gave the signal that something terrible had happened. We heard the growl of wolves and the cries of the other jungle beasts. It was at once apparent that the animals had all joined in their resentment of the outrage. Carnivorous and vegetarian animals alike were expressing their displeasure at this terrible thing. Kari's master said:

"I don't like it, either."

"What do you mean?" I asked.

"Thou knowest not my brother, Kari," was all he said.

Again I asked him what he meant.

"I can see by the light of my elephant's eye that he thinks this is a scurvy way to trick and catch an animal."

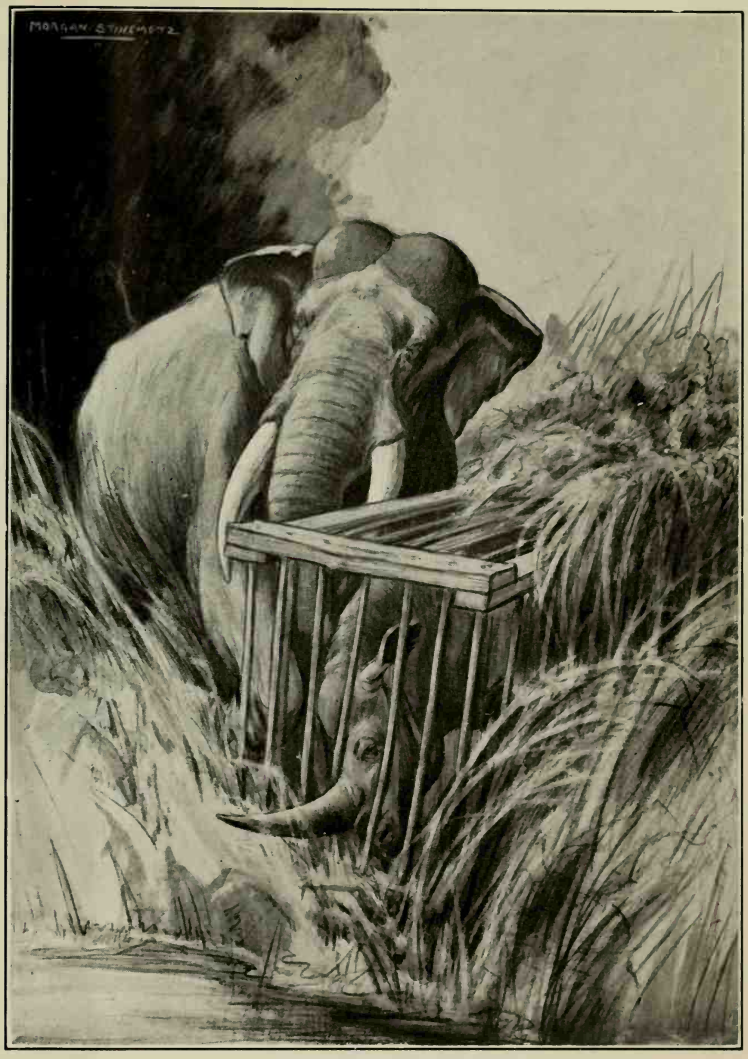
Kari edged away from us and stood looking at the rhinoceros infuriated. My father said:

"O wise friend of a noble elephant, thou

speakest the truth: Kari is indeed angry and something must be done before he loses his control and kills us all."

Gopal replied, "Something like this happened before, when men injured his sense of fair play and he ran into the jungle, destroying everything as he went. It is true we need this rhinoceros for the zoological garden which the Rajah owns. But we must catch him in another way. Kari won't stand for this. He believes—I can see it by his eyes—'The city people should live in one way and country people in another.' . . . Look! What is he doing?"

Kari was pushing the cage with his side and the infuriated rhinoceros butting him with his sword-like nose. Kari scolded him with his tremendous trumpeting and the rhinoceros quieted down a little. Kari walked away and then walked backwards toward the cage, plunging at it. Snap! snap! went one bar. Snap! went another, and were it not for the weight of the rhinoceros in the cage, the whole thing would have turned over.



"WERE IT NOT FOR THE WEIGHT OF THE RHINOCEROS IN THE CAGE, THE WHOLE THING WOULD HAVE TURNED OVER"

"Up a tree! Up a tree!" cried my Father. "He has gone crazy. Look out! There he goes again!"

Again, and again, and again, and again he butted and plunged at the cage. The cage broke into pieces. The rhinoceros wounded on his face, particularly his lower jaw, rushed out of it like a mad terror and disappeared in the jungle, and the cage lay there but not for long. Kari kicked and buffeted and thumped it until it was broken into so many fragments of steel. Then he came and stood under the tree and trumpeted shrilly. My father said:

"Go down to him. Touch his trunk. Sit on his neck. He is all right."

I had no courage to do so. So Kari's friend and master said:

"If he is mad, he will kill someone and if he has to kill someone let him kill me. I brought him up with these hands, and if he must kill a man to relieve his nerves, I will be his victim. It is through men that all his injuries have come. It is through men that

his sense of fair play has been injured and outraged. Let there be a human sacrifice to wipe it all away. I will give him my life, let him destroy me."

So he jumped down from the branch and fell on Kari's neck. Kari knelt down and from the elephant he leaped to the ground and stood before Kari. Kari put his trunk around him and drew him close to himself. I felt he was going to kill Gopal, but no, it was not so. The elephant was dripping with sweat—at least there was a white lather about his neck and we could feel by the odor of it that he was angry, angry with everyone and everything. He gently walked over to the rivulet and lay down and his master began to scoop up water and put it on his head. That cooled him. Then Kari in the course of a few minutes, breathed in water in his trunk and gave a shower bath to his master. It took nearly two hours but still they went on bathing each other and making friends. When it was all over, they came out of the water and Kari's friend said:

"Let us go home to the village and thence I shall go to the city."

We went back to the village the same day and sent news to the Rajah of our failure to trap the rhinoceros.

Within a month the day of farewells came and we brought Kari to the city to bid good-bye to Gopal. At the command of the Rajah we had the elephant brought to the palace where Gopal had been summoned to await us.

My father and I were surprised at this unexpected order and feared a reprimand from the Rajah on account of our failure to catch the rhinoceros but I soon forgot to be anxious in my wonder at the palace which dazzled me by its splendor. The average Hindu house is very bare and I had never seen anything like this magnificence.

Gopal met us and embraced Kari's trunk. He said to him, "I give thee Hari as a younger brother to fill my place in thy heart."

At this moment the Rajah appeared. He said:

"More than this, Kari. I give thee free-

dom. Thou shalt come and go as thou pleasest, to the city, to the village or to the forest. None shall molest thee for from this day hence thou art a free elephant." He turned then to us and addressing my Father, he said:

"I have sent for thee, wise Hunter and Father of a wise son, to fill a post I have never yet found a man just enough and able enough to hold. Thou art to be the king's forester with command over all the jungle and this domain shall be thine and thy son's, from now on. Thou shalt have command of a royal elephant and no longer be my servant but my vassal. I restore to thee and to thy son your rank as Rajputs and the right to carry the sword of your people and to assume all the privileges of your caste!" My father fell in the dust before the Rajah. I was too overcome with the splendid privilege of commanding Royal elephants, a dignity generally confined to ministers of State, to think much of anything else. I threw myself be-

side my father in the Oriental's gesture of supreme gratitude but the Rajah cut short our stumbling thanks and turning to Gopal said:

"My friend, the time has come. Bid farewell to Kari!"

Gopal cried: "Kari, noble Heart, men have still to be taught the meaning of fair play and though they call themselves civilized, they have yet to learn that hatred must be appeased not by hatred but by love. Thou art not an elephant, O my Kari, thou art a religion!"

Kari put his trunk around Gopal, lifted him up and hoisted him on to his own back. They went out toward the city gate in the direction Gopal must follow and Kari was gone a day and a night. The second day he came back all alone, almost with tears in his eyes. The moment he saw me he rushed and took me in the grip of his trunk as if to say:

"My friend!"

Since then I see Kari often and many ad-

ventures have happened to us in the jungle. But all the time there is one thing that burns deep into my mind—the certainty that Kari is the symbol of justice and the very emblem of friendship. Men and animals are not enemies but souls, and there should be brotherhood amongst men; then some day perhaps there will be brotherhood between men and animals. Kari has taught me from day to day another lesson also: if we do not fear and hate we do not arouse fear and hate in others, and if we do not arouse fear and hatred in others, others cannot hurt us. But it must all begin in one's own heart. Unless one purges one's self of fear and hate, one cannot expect love from others. So "play fair, and fear none" is the message of the jungle. Kari went away from man because man feared and was unfair and he came back to man because he believed some men might be worthy of his love. Now he abides with us free to go, free to come, held by only one thing and that is our love for him.